

A
SELECT COLLECTION
OF
SCOTS POEMS

CHIEFLY
IN THE BROAD BUCHAN DIALECT.

TO WHICH IS ADDED
A COLLECTION OF SCOTS PROVERBS:

BY THE REVEREND MR DAVID FERGUSON,
SOME TIME MINISTER AT DUMFERMLINE.

EDINBURGH:
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Collection of Scots Proverbs.	

A J A X ' S S P E E C H

TO THE

G R E C I A N K N A B B S .

T H E wight an' doughty captains a'

Upo' their doup's fat down;

Trangel o' the common fouk

In bourachs a' stood roun.

J A X bang'd up, whase targe was slught

In seven fald o' hide;

An' bein' bouden'd up wi' wraith,

Wi' atry face he ey'd

The Trojan shore, an' a' the barks

That tedder'd fast did ly

Along the coast; an' raxing out

His gardies, loud did cry:

O Jove! The cause we here do plead,

An' unto' great's the stail;

At fall that sleeth ULYSSES now

Be said to be my maik?

A

Ye

Ye ken right well, fan Hector try'd
 Thir barks to burn an' scowder,
 He took to speed o' fit, because
 He cou'd na' bide the ewder.

But I, like birky, stood the brunt,
 An' flocken'd out that gleed,
 Wi' muckle virr, an' syne I gar'd
 The limmers tak the speed.

'Tis better then the cause we try
 Wi' the wind o' our wame,
 Than for to come in hanny grips
 At sik a driery time.

At threeps I am na' fae perquire,
 Nor auld-farren as he,
 Bat at banes-braken, it's well kent
 He has na' maughts like me.

For as far as I him excell
 In toulzies fierce an' strong,
 As far in chaft-taak he exceeds
 Me wi' his fleeked tongue.

My proticks an' my doughty deeds,
 O Greeks! I need na' tell,
 For there's nane here bat kens them well:
 Lat him tell his himsell:

Which

Which ay were done at glomin time,
Or dead hour o' the night,
n' deil ane kens except himsell;
For nae man saw the fight.

The staik indeed is unco' great,
I will confefs alway,
at, name ULYSSES to it anes,
The worth quite dwines away.

reat as it is, I need na' voult;
I'm feer I hae nae neef
to get fat cou'd be ettl'd at,
By sik a menfless thief.

et routh o' honour he has got,
Ev'n tho' he gets the glaik,
an he's fae crous that he wou'd try
To be brave AJAX' maik.

at gin my wightness doubted were,
I wat my gentle bleed,
s being sin to Telamon,
Right fickerly does plead:

Wha, under doughty Hercules,
Great Troy's walls down hurl'd,
n' in a tight Thessalian bark
To Colchos' harbour swirl'd,

[4]

An' Æacus my gutcher was,
Wha now in hell sits jidge,
Whare a fun-stane does Sisyphus
Down to the yerd fair gnidge.

Great Jove himsel owns Æacus
To be his ain dear boy,
An' syne, without a^d doubt, I am
The neist chiel to his oye.

Bat thus in counting o' my 'etion
I need na' mak' sik din,
For it's well kent Achilles was
My father's brither sin:

An' as we're cousins, there's nae scouth
To be in ony fwidders;
I only seek fat is my due,
I mean fat was my brither's.

Bat why a thief, like Sisyphus,
That's nidder'd fae in hell,
Sud here tak' fittiniment,
Is mair na' I can tell.

Sall then these arms be deny'd
To me, wha in this bruilzie
Was the first man that drew my durk,
Came slaught-bred to the toulzie?

An'

An' fall this sleeth come farrer ben,
 Wha was fae dev'lish furly,
 He scarce wou'd gae a fit frae hame,
 An' o' us a' was hurly?

An' frae the weir he did back hap,
 An' turn'd to us his tud!
 An' gar'd the hale-ware o' us trow
 That he was gane clean wud:

Until the fin o' Nauplius,
 Mair usefess na' himsell,
 His jouckry-pauckry finding out,
 To weir did him compell.

At him then now take will an' wile,
 Wha nane at first wou'd wear,
 An' I get baith the skaith an' scorn,
 Twin'd o' my brither's gear!

Because I was the foremost man,
 An' steed the hettest fire,
 Just like the man that aught the cow,
 Gade deepest i' the mire.

With the chiel he had been wud,
 Or that it had been trow'd;
 That mither o' mischief had not
 To Troy's town been row'd.

Syne, Pæan's son, thou'd not been left

On Lemnos' isle to skirle,

Whare now thy groans in dowy dens

The yerd-fast stanes do thirle:

An' on that sleeth ULYSSES head

Sad curses down does bicker;

If there be gods aboon, I'm feer

He'll get them leel and sicker.

This doughty lad he was resolv'd

Wi' me his fate to try,

Wi' poison'd stews o' Hercules,

Bat 'las! his bleed wis fey.

Wi' sickness now he's feter-like,

Or like a water-wraith,

An' hirplin' after the wil' birds,

Can scarce get meat an' claith.

An' now these darts that weereded were

To tak' the town o' Troy,

To get meat for his gabb, he man

Against the birds employ.

Yet he's alive, altho' to gang

Wi' him he was fu' laith;

If Palamede had been sae wise,

He had been free frae skaith:

For he'd been livin' ti' this day,

An' slept in a hale skin,

An' gotten fair play for his life,

An' stan'd he had nae been,

Because he prov'd he was na wud,

He was fae fu' o' fraud,

He slack'd na' till he gat the life

O' this peer sakeless lad.

For to the Grecians he did swear,

He had fae great envy,

That gou'd in goupens he had got,

The army to betray.

An' wi' mischief he was fae gnib

To get his ill intent,

He howk'd the gou'd which he himsell

Had yerded in his tent.

Thus wi' uncanny pranks he fights,

An' fae he did beguile,

An' twin'd us o' our kneefest men

By death and by exile.

Altho' mair gabby he may be

Than Nestor wise and true,

Yet few will say, it was nae fault

That he did him furhow.

Fan

Fan his peer glyde was fae mischiev'd,
 He'd neither ca' nor drive,
 The lyart lad, wi' years fair dwang'd,
 The traitor thief did leave.

These are nae threeps o' mine; right well
 Kens Diomede the wight,
 Wha' wi' snell words him fair did snib,
 An' bann'd his cowardly flight.

The gods tho' look on mortal men
 Wi' eyn baith just and gleg;
 Lo he, wha Nestor wou'd na help,
 For help himsell does beg!

Then as he did the auld man leave
 Amon' fae fierce a menzie,
 The law he made, lat him be paid
 Back just in his ain cuinzie.

Yet fan he cryed, O neipers help!
 I ran to tak' his part,
 He look'd fae haave as 'gin a dwam
 Had just o'ercaft his heart.

For they had gi'en him sik a fleg,
 He look'd as he'd been doited,
 For ilka' limb an' lith o' him
 'Gainst ane anither knoited.

Syne

ne wi my targe I cover'd him,
 Fan on the yerd he lies,
 n' fav'd his smeerless faul; I think
 'Tis little to my praise.

at 'gin wi' Batie ye will bourd,
 Come back, lad, to yon place;
 at Trojans an' your wonted fears
 Stand glowrin' i' your face:

ne flouch behind my doughty targe,
 That yon day your head happit:
 ere fight your fill, sin' ye are grown
 Sae unco' crous an' cappit.

an I came to him, wi' fad wound
 He had nae maughts to gang,
 at fan he saw that he was safe,
 Right souplè cou'd he spang.

o! Hector to the toulzie came,
 An' gods baith fierce an' grim,
 He flegged starker fouk na' you,
 Sae fair they dreaded him.

et whan he did o' slaughter voust,
 I len'd him sik a dird,
 As laid him arielins on his back,
 To wamble o' the yerd.

Fan

Fan he spang'd out, rampag'd an' faid

That nane amon' us a'
Durst venture out upo' the lone,
Wi' him to shak' a fa' ;

I dacker'd wi' him by mysel',

Ye wish't it to my kavel,
An' gin ye speer fa' got the day,
We parted on a nevel.

Lo ! Trojans fetch baith fire an' sword

Amo' the Grecian barks ;
Whare's eloquent ULYSSES now,
Wi' a' his wily cracks ;

I then a thousand ships did save,
An' muckle danger thol'd ;

'Gin they'd been brunt, de'il ane had seen
The land whare he was foal'd.

Bat 'gin the truth I now durst tell,

I think the honour's mair
To them than fat it is to me
Tho' they come to my skair ;

At least the honour equal is :

Syne fat needs a' this din ;
For AJAX them he dis na seek,
Sae fair as they dee him.

Then

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Then lat ULYSSES now compare
Rhæsus an' maughtless Dolon,
an' Priam's son, an' Pallas phizz
That i' the night was stolen:

For de'il belicket has he deen,
Fan it was fair-fuir days;
For without gawcy Diaomede,
Wha wis his guide always.

Naither na' gi' him this propine
For deeds that feckless are,
To wide them, and lat Domede
Come in for the best skare.

At fat use will they be to him,
Wha in hudge mudge wi' wiles,
Without a gully in his hand,
The sneerless fae beguiles?

The gowden helmet will fae glance,
And blink wi' skyrin brinns,
That a' his wimples they'll find out
Fan i' the mark he sheens.

At his weak head nae farrach has
That helmet for to bear,
Nor has he mergh intil his banes,
To wield Achilles' spear:

Not

Nor his bra' targe, on which is seen
 The yerd, the sin, and lift,
 Can well agree wi' his cair cleuck,
 That cleikit was for thift.

Fat gars you then, mischievous tyke!

For this propine to prig,
 That your sma' banes wou'd langel fair,
 They are fae unco' big?

An' if the Greeks sud be fae blind,
 As gi' you sik a gift,
 The Trojan lads right soon wou'd dight
 You like a futtle heft.

An' as you ay by speed o' fit,
 Perform ilk' doughty deed,
 Fan laggert wi' this bouksome graith,
 You will tyne haaf your speed.

Besides your targe, in battle keen,
 Bat little danger tholes,
 While mine wi' mony a thudd is clowr'd,
 An' thirl'd fair wi' holes.

Bat now, fat need's for a' this din?
 Lat deeds o' words tak' place,
 An' lat your stoutness now be try'd,
 Just here before your face.

at the arms o' *Achilles* brave
 Amon' our faes be' laid,
 ' the first chiel' that brings them back,
 Lat him wi' them be clad:

LYSSES' ANSWER

T O

AJAX'S SPEECH.

GREAN was heard thro' a' the rout,

Fan AJAX' wind was spent;

SSÉS shook his wylie head,

nd bade them a' tak tent.

glowrin' een and scoulan brows

le lookit on the yerd,

e blythly to the gentles blink't,

nd mony a sweet word said,

B

O worthy

O worthy Greeks ! thought ye like me,
This pley sud seen be deen ;
The wearing o' Achilles' graith
Wad be decided seen.

O bra' Achilles ! had thou liv'd
Thysel' to wear thy gear,
We had been happy ; " we've nae maughts
To wag thy trusty spear."

The fates deny us this propine,
Because we slaithfu' are ;
And they ken best fa's fit to bruik
Achilles' doughty gear.

(And as he spake these words, the tears
Cam bubblin' down his cheeks),
An' fa but me did bring this lad
To stand your ground, O Greeks ?

This profits naething, dull and douf
It is to greet an' grean,
An' he's nae better, for our tears
Canna fesh him again.

My wit, my wiles, and deeds, O Greeks !
Were ay for you most keen ;
An' fallhood to ye while I live
Shall not wi' me be seen.

Nor fall ill will hae ony place
 Amo' my words or deeds ;
 Then lat not AJAX boast his acts,
 An' cast out mine like weeds.

For what our gutchers did for us
 We scarce dare ca' our ain,
 Unless their fitsteps we fill up,
 An' play their part again.

Doin' well ourselfs, we canna help
 Tho' a' friends binna stiddy ;
 Ma' is the kin that canna spare
 To fill baith sack an' widdy.

That fat needs AJAX crack sae crouse,
 In bein' oye to Jove ;
 Can there's nane here but cam o' him,
 An' I'm as near I'll prove.

For Jove did jink Arcefius
 Upo' a noble lady ;
 The gentles a' ken roun' about
 He was my lucky-deddy.

Now I'm as sib to Jove as he ;
 We're na bastarts it's known,
 An' by the mither's side we ca'
 Mercurius our own.

We're double sib unto the gods ;

Fat needs him prattle mair ?

Yet it's na for my gentle blude

That I do seek the gear.

But I by merits fain wad claim

The armour as my own ;

Therefore, O Greeks ! bestow the prize

On him that best has done.

Tho' Peleus an' Telamon

Were truly brithers horn ;

AJAX gets little wind by that

To bear awa' the horn.

The dispute stands not here o' blude,

Nor yet fa's neist o' kin ;

But only fa' by virtuous warks

Comes nearest unto him.

An' fat needs AJAX seek the graith,

As bein' nearest heir ?

For Pyrrhus is Achilles' sin,

An' comes afore him there.

The Phythian an' Scyronian

Can baith eat o' the puddin :

Fan AJAX cut maun be but short ;

We dinna ken his midden.

Any

Teueer wad pit in his claim,
 He's nae a fit behind ;
 stands as near to the barn door,
 An' has as fair a wind.

they're mair modest in their minds
 than prig o' sic a pley,
 gin they did, I'm sure they wad
 be sure to won the day.

here, because the rulzie stands
 only in naked deeds,
 AJAX strip himsel' like me,
 so ken fa' wears the weeds.

he deen mair I think, it's kent,
 than AJAX an' anither ;
 I by virtue only claim
 to be Achilles' brither.

on fand out auld Thetis' trick,
 Which did you a' beguile ;
 brought Achilles to the wars,
 for a' his mither's wyle.

she had clad him like a lass,
 mo' bra' ladies fair ;
 shortly kent the proty lad,
 as I was selling ware.

A glancin' helmet, sword, and targe,
 I loot the cummers see,
 The queans a' startit at the sight;
 Nane car't for them bat he.

Altho' his mither, in her weirds,
 Fortald his death at Troy,
 I soon prevail'd wi' her to send
 The young man to the ploy,

[Sin by his hands fate 'er is done,
 I hope I've brought to pass;
 For by him Telephon, by me,
 Baith fought an conquer't was.

By me the woun' was made an' cur'd
 That he got in his hip;
 An' fat needs AJAX in this ploy
 Again to lift his lip?

That Thebes' wa'as fell down, to me
 The thanks I'm sure is due;
 Scyros' an' Lesbos' overthrow,
 I brought to pass for you.

By me the cottar towns o' Troy,
 Which to Appollo sung,
 Their sturdy dikes and lofty lums
 Down to the yerd were dung.

I hitcht

hicht about Lyrnessus' wa'as

Till I my time cou'd see;

yne gart the lymmers tak their heels,

An' brought the lass wi' me.

need na' tell the pilgets a'

I've had wi' feirdy foes,

cost baith wit and pith to see

The back-seams o' their hose.

The famous Hector did na care

A doit for a' your dird;

ut my wyles, an' Achilles' hands,

Gars him stink i' the yerds

only seek the arms I gae

To him, for life to wear;

's me I'm sure, after the gods,

That sud put on sic gear.

at grief an' sorrow tho' ye, Greeks,

At the Aulidan shore?

A thousand ships stack i' the sea,

And sail they wad na more.

A puft o' wind ye cudna get,

To gar your cannas wage;

The fates forbade your farther march,

An' fair they did you brag.

Till

Till I adv^{is}d the King to sell
 His daughter to the moon ;
 Syne Fuddy raise and filt your sails ;
 Ye gat your pipes in tune.

For Agamemnon winachin,
 Diana's wench had stown ;
 An wad na gie her back again,
 Bat kept her as his own.

An' tho' the King did fair deny
 To part wi' Iphigen ;
 Yet I wi' guid advice turn'd him
 The common good to ken.

His brither gae him a' his pow'r
 The army for to lead ;
 And syne fa' durst anes conter him
 Was like to tine the head.

Yet I gaed to his wife mysel',
 An' soon gat her consent ;
 Had AJAX on this erran' gane,
 Your wind had fund nae vent.

The bonny lassie was beguil'd,
 She thought to get a man ;
 But cunningly she was gar't bleed,
 To gie your sails the fan.

I gaed

gaed into the Trojan ha',
 E'en ben to their fireside;
 To help your common cause, O Greeks!
 Sic chiels wad made you fleid.

There was mony a sturdy carl,
 Wi' bairds as stiff as bent;
 Bauldly tald my tale to them,
 An' gart them a' tak tent.

Claim't the Queen, I Paris charg'd
 Wi' theft; the King did move,
 As father baith, to gie her back,
 But this did bootless prove.

Paris an' the grugous carls
 That sta' the wife cam in,
 Gart me wish I were awa'
 While I had a hale skin.

Menelaus can tell yoursel'
 The dangers we thol'd there;
 Wonder how they held there hands,
 They girnt at me sae fair.

For lang it were to tell you a'
 We've done wi' heart and hand,
 These many years, to gar you thrive,
 An' mak your purpose stand.

Sin

Sin the first fight theic ten lang years,
 Your faes right aft hae been
 About my lugs, and at yon dykes
 Stout tulzies hae you seen.

Bat fat did AJAX a' this time?
 E'en lie like idle tike;
 He steert na' fin Sigeia's hill,
 Bat slipt ahint the dyke.

Fat was your use? you idle cur!
 Bat if my deeds ye speer,
 I did entrench the camp, an' kept
 Your enemies in fear.

Ilk night I stecht you fartin fu'
 Thro' a this hungry weir,
 An' learnt you how to weeld your rungs,
 And never loot you tire.

Bat byde you yet; the King himsell
 Did fenzie Jove's command,
 An' said, he bade him in his sleep
 Lat Troy's tow'rs still stand;

An' leave the war, or else the lads
 O' Troy wad pay his hyde;
 Did AJAX' courage ever kyth,
 To say anes he wad byde?

Where then was a' your windy vousts?

Ye that is now fae kneef!

Ye sloutcht awa' amo' the lave,

As ye had been a thief.

The little had to crack upo',

Tho' ye'd cry'd, Arm you, lads!

Law (an' shame it wis to see)

You rin awa' like bawds.

You've lain lang here, you've little done,

Far a' your muckle din;

It like a lown to turn your arse,

To keep you a hale skin.

Did he no cry, Gae hame, my lads,

An' leave the Trojan war;

Thought ye'd a' distracted been,

An' run away for fear.

These ten lang years ye hae lain here,

An' seenil shawn your face;

What's the spulzie ye've brought hame,

Except it be disgrace.

But I, like a true sodger, cry'd,

Keep on your bandeliers;

We'll tak the town o' Troy, my lads,

An' settle a' your fears.

Fan

Fan Agamemnon cry'd, To arms,
 The silly dofarm coward,
 AJAX, for a' his croufeness now,
 Cud na get out his sword.

Compare you then to Therfites,
 Wha' for's ill-fcrappit tongue,
 An' shamble chafts, got on his back
 Pufs wi' the nine tails hung,

Wi' vir I did chaftife the lowns,
 Or brought them a' to peace;
 Wi' fugar'd words, fan that wad dee,
 I made their malice ceafe.

If ye be ftouter, lad, nor me,
 That time may brawly tell;
 Ye turn'd your tail, then to the wark
 I brought you back my fell.

Let's ken the Greek that e'er you priz'd,
 Or fought you to their help;
 They had awa' frae you; they ken
 Ye're but an ufelefs folp.

But Diomede mells ay wi' me,
 An' tells me a' his mind;
 He kens me ficker, leal, an' true,
 An' no a pifh behind.

He's

e's ane o' a' the mony Greeks
 Fa' only me did wyle
 o spy the Trojan camp; we did
 Their watches a' beguile.

that night's wark he needs na' laugh,
 It came na' to my fa';
 the peril we were in, I'm sure,
 Had gart him rin awa.

the Phrygian Dolon, souple spy!
 We took him by the tail;
 gart him tell the news o' Troy,
 An' paak't him syne to hell.

ound what the false Trojan did
 Against us Greeks prepare;
 not content wi' this, I went
 Where Thracians lying were;

an the vogue, I Rhæsus fell'd,
 An' his knabbs in his tent,
 he took his coach, an' milk-white staigs,
 Ere ever I wad stent.

he gallantly came hoblin hame
 Into the camp again;
 van Achilles' arms that night,
 For Dolon wad him slain.

AJAX himsel' sud be mair free

Than to deny the gear

To me, that sav'd the man that us'd

Them constantly to wear,

What slaughter made I wi' my durk

Amo' Sarpedon's troop !

Wi' blood an' gore, o'er dub and dyke,

I gart Cœranon loup.

Alastor, Chromie, Alcanter,

Wi' them Iphitus' sin,

Prytanes, Næmon, Haly, gat

Sma' banes an' riven skin.

An' I sent Thoon to the shades,

I Charop's test'ment made,

An' mony mair about this town

My hands hae wrought to dead.

That I hae at banes-brakin been

My skin can sha' the marks ;

I dinna tell you idle tales,

See to my bleedy farks ;

Wi' that he open'd a' his claife,

An' cry'd, Come here, look a'

Into my breast, an' there ye'll find

A bonny scab to cla'.

Bat AJAX sleeps in a hale hyde,
 For a' his muckle crawin ;
 These ten lang years, wi' blood o' freins,
 The chiel has pay't his lawin.

Bat fat's the matter ? the cheil says,
 He sav't the Grecian ships,
 Held aff the Trojans an' the gods,
 An' skelpit Hector's hips :

I dinna like to tell ill tales
 Upo' my neiper man ;
 He did na' haaf the wark him lane ;
 Patroclus led the van,

We'll theicket in Achilles' graith,
 He muckle mast'ry made,
 An' gart the limmers take their heels ;
 Yet died in honour's bed.

In spite o' AJAX' muckle targe,
 The barks had a' gane gleam ;
 If ither fouk had na been there,
 He'd been sent roaften hame.

Thought he to save a thousan ships,
 Wi' his ae single spear ?
 He has forgot, the king an' I,
 An' nine dukes tee were there.

How that day gaed, I fain wad spier?
 How loot ye Hector hame?
 Ye sud hae hadden him down, an' dung
 Your gullie in his wame.

Bat he gaed aff hale-hide frae you,
 For a' your windy voust;
 Had ither fouk met wi' him there,
 It had been till his cost.

Bat wae to that unlucky night!
 I'm like to brake my heart!
 That night Achilles kept the style,
 An' died by Paris' dart.

Wi' grief an' sorrow I think on't,
 How he lay in his gore;
 His body clad wi' dubb an' dirt,
 Fat needs me tell you more?

Sair smeared wi' gutters was his buik,
 He stinket in his hide;
 'Ere I him to my shoulder got,
 My back-bane-links were fey'd.

Upo' my back I laid his corps,
 An' hame I carried him;
 An' fought my road out thro' my faes,
 That were baith fierce and grim.

That

That night shaws weil that my cair cleuk

Can manage his bra' targe;

I wan't; I'm sure your noble minds

Will gie me't for my wage.

Ye a' ken weil, fan Thetis hir'd

Vulcan to make this gear,

She never meant a numscull e'er

Sic costly graith sud wear:

He says, the targe shaws earth and sea:

Saft sheep! he has na' horns;

For it tells a' the motion o'

The fin, meen, and sev'n starns;

Simmer an' winter on it kyths,

And mony a bonny town;

An' a' the skyrin brins o' light

That blink the poles aroun:

He seeks—he kens na' fat he seeks,

The filly senseless drone!

He wad hae gear he canna wear,

Nor ever cud put on.

How foul's the bibble he spits out

Fan he ca's me a fugee!

Achilles play'd na' triumph about

Wi' him, he says; but judge ye.

He says, I lie; bat ye ken a'

He can do that fu' well;

I tell the truth; they're here that saw

Me come afore himsell.

Achilles' mither kept her fin

Until he said his prayers;

I pray'd for life, an' kist my wife,

An' syne came to the wars.

I dinna hing my lugs, like ane

That has a riven breek;

If I was hurly, there was cause,

Believe me as ye like.

Nor do I fear his ill chaft taak,

Nor his ill-muggent tricks;

There's nae a gentle o' you a'

* Bat he tak's o'er the pricks.

If I did wrang to lay the wyte

On silly Palamede,

Fat mends gat he frae you, fan ye

Gart him be stain't to dead?

Ye heard his faut, ye saw the price

That he gat for your lives;

The lown sud lay na wyte on me,

Fan for the prize he strives.

An' Pœan's sin was left, ye ken,

At Lemnos to be fear'd

Wi' Vulcan's ir'ns: then to blame me

Is futie an' mistear'd.

ay for yoursel's, ye did consent

He sud the arrows bring;

He loot ane fa', it stang't his fit;

Nor blame me for the thing.

He lives, an' fall be seen well clad,

An' meated well enough;

yne AJAX fall be ken't a liar,

An' I to tell the truth.

An' sin the Fates hae orders gi'en

To bring the progues to Troy,

Send me no for them, better far

Is AJAX for the ploy;

He'll suck the poison frae the sair,

An' be a noble leech;

An' gie the lad a cooling sweat

Wi' his well-licket speech.

Ere Simois' stream rin up the hill,

Ida wi' pears not clad,

He'll gar a little pickle Greeks

Ding a' the Trojans dead.

My

My wiles, nor wordy acts, O Greeks,

For you has nothing deen ;

But AJAX, wi' his vousten, can

Big castles i' the meen.

Tak tent, my friens, gin it be fair

To flyte upo' us a' ;

Upo' the king, as well as me,

He lats his curses fa'.

He's daft, or drunken fu', I'm sure,

Or he wad ne'er hae said,

That Philoctetes' malison

Wad light upo' my head.

Tak better tent, ye barkin brute,

How ye your curses throw ;

Lest they at last wi' vengeance light

Upo' your graceless pow.

Tho' he bans me, I wish him well,

We'll may be meet again ;

I'll gie his birn a hitch, an' help

To ease him o' his pain.

Gin he had buckl't as I bade,

The arrows cudna fa' ;

For he may laugh at loosin' out,

That can well girn an' draw ;

if I them in my turfin had,
 As I'd the Trojan weird;
 skin i' a' the camp sud not
 Been wi' their venom steer'd.

an AJAX count his skulls wi' me?
 Fan I brought Priam's sin,
 and Pallas' phiz, out thro' my faes;
 He needs na' mak sic din.

he Fates forbad to tak the row'r
 O' Pergamos, ye ken,
 lang's Minerva dwalt in it;
 He gaed na sae far ben.

Whare now is AJAX' muckle mauchts?
 Whare's a' his voustin words?
 Why fear'd he to gang up the lone,
 And trembled at their swords?

Why durst ULYSSES be sae baul,
 Thro' a' their guards to gang?
 n' thro' cald irons force his way,
 That were baith sharp an' lang;

ot only to the waas o' Troy,
 At mark hour o' th' night;
 at even up to their highest haas;
 An ripe wi' candle light

Their

Their benner pauntries ; until he
 Palladie's picture fand,
 An' carried it thro' enemies,
 An' brought it to your hand.

An had na I this prankie play'd,
 A' AJAX' doughty wark
 Had been for nought ; the seven nouts' hides
 Had gane for a clean fark.

That night I'm sure the winning's mine,
 For luck left their fire-side ;
 Then Pergamos was ruin'd quite
 Fan Pallas wad na byde.

Then dight your gab, lad ; bark nae mair
 At Diomede an' me ;
 The lad's thankwordy ; tenfaul' praise
 Belangs him, mair nor ye :

Had ydu an' your bra' trusty targe
 That sav't the ships frae fire,
 Been at that wark, your breeks had been
 Beshitten for your hire.

A dirten dirdum ye brag o'
 Done on the Trojan shore,
 Wi' mony ane to help you ; I
 Had just ane an' no more.

He sudna get the prize ; he's like

The man that clips the fow,

He makes a hantle rout an' din,

But brings but little woo'.

The tither Ajax, Oileus' sin,

Has full as gude a right ;

Baul Eurypyle an' famous Thous

Can baith fu' as well fight

As ye can dee ; an' nae war is

Merion an' Idomen,

Ad they but seek, I'm sure they sud

Come muckle farrer ben.

The Spartan Laird has better right

Himsell the gear to tak' ;

He has done mair for them nor ye,

For a' the din ye mak.

There's nane o' a' these lads ye ken

Behin' you haaf a fit,

Bat tho' their thums be stark as yours,

They rin to me for wit.

Contrive na we, your shaklebanes

Will mak' but little streik ;

Ye're muckle, but unmanly, lad !

Just like Tam Taylor's tyke.

But

But I can teet an' hitch about,
 An' melt them 'ere they wit;
 An' syne fan they're dung out o' breath
 They hae na maughts to hit.

The king kens this: Your heavy neives
 Guid muckle dunts can deal:
 Wi' courage an' guid counsel, we
 Can wrang our faes mair leal.

Wi' counsel an' command we work;
 An' this made us to thrive,
 I like a captain, you a slave;
 Fat needs the sleeth syne strive?

Nor are our hands a whit behind
 The purpose o' our mind;
 There's mony a protty lad amon's
 As guid's you, i' their kind.

Now, noble neipers, gie your prize
 To him that best deserves;
 Mind a' my travel ten lang years,
 Your credit to preserve.

An' think wi' honour, if ye can
 Gie AJAX sic a gift;
 Wha has done naething a' this time,
 But vouls as he cud fight.

See now the wark is near an end,

I've turn'd out a' the stanes

Stood i' the road; the gutter's wheel'd;

Ye a' win to at anes.

Then till't, my lads, ding down the dykes,

An' turn up Troy's towers,

If you beseech, by a' the Gods;

Minerva aids your powers;

She was your fae, but now your friend;

I brought her to your aid;

can do mair, ye's get the darts;

Ye need na be afraid.

Now mark me, lads! bat gin ye think

Me auld to wear sick graith,

ere is a gentle, fa, I'm feere,

Sud get them frae us baith.

i' that he took out Pallas' phiz,

An shook it i' their face;

n' bad them tell their minds; syne he

Sat down in his ain place.

he gentles clapped a' their hands;

An' cry'd, Ha ha, ha ha!

LYSSES has the gullies win,

Well mat he bruik them a'!

D

Then

Then AJAX, wha alane gainstood
 Gods, Trojans, sword an' fire,
 See him that cudna be o'ercome
 Dung o'er by his ain ire.

O'ercome wi' grief, he takes his sword,
 Cries, This is surely mine ;
 ULYSSES has na right to this,
 For a' his fleekit whine ;

Aft hae I creesht it wi' the gaits
 Of Troy's stoutest breed,
 An' nane bat AJAX can o'ercome
 AJAX, fall ay be said.

He shook the blade, an' wi' a wap
 Set the heft to the ground,
 The nib until his breast; wi' it
 Gave himsell his death's wound!

The froathin bleed fa'n o' the truff
 Did change the violet's hue ;
 Gin it was white before, this made
 It turn to purple blue.

The twa first letters o' his name
 Stand i' the bonny flower ;
 Lamentin the great hero's death,
 Frae yon time to this hour.

JOURNAL

FROM

LONDON TO PORTSMOUTH.

WOULD hae written you lang 'ere now, bat I

hae been sae eident writing journals that I hae

en quite forfoughen wi' them: bat diel ane has

acked my mitten for as fair as I hae been nid-

'd wi' them; fowlomever, sin we're speaking o'

rnals, I hae been sae baul as sen you a sampler

mine frae London to Portsmouth: An' first an'

emost, there wis three i' the coach forby me;

first was a leiftenant o' a ship, a gausy, swack,

ung fallow, an' as guid a pint-ale's man as 'ere

eked his fit at the coutchack o' a browster wife's

le: he was well wordy o' the gardy-chair itself,

e'en to sit ben-inno the guidman upo' the best

ak o' the house: I believe an honestier fallow

ver brack the nook o' a corter, nor cuttit a fang

B

frae

frae a kebbuck, wi' a whistle that lies i' the quinzie
o' the maun oner the claith.

The second chiel was a thick, fettered, frown
pallach, wi' a great chuller oner his cheeks, like
an ill seraped haggis: he's now gane back to Lon-
don, an' I'm seer gin ye'll tak' the pains to find
him out, an' flae him belly-flaught, his skin wad
mak' a gallant tulchin for you; bat I canna say I
had any cause to wish the body ill, for he did gay-
lies confairin, only he connach'd a hantle o' to-
bacco; for deil belickit did he the hale gate bat
feugh at his pipe: an' he was sae browden'd
upon't, that he was like to smore ut a' i' the coach
wi' the very ewder o't: bat yet he was a fine gab-
by, auld-farren carly, and held us browly out o'
langer bi' the rod.

The third was an auld, wizen'd, haave coloured
carlen, a sad gysfard indeed, an' as baul' as ony et-
tercap: we had been at nae great tinsel apiest we
had been quit o' her; for diel a maik to her that
d'er you saw: for altho' you had seen her your-
sell, you wou'd na' haekent fat to mak' o' her, unless
it had been a gyr-carlen, or to set her up amon'
eurn air bear to fley awa' the rucks: Jidge ye gin
we had na' bony company!

But

But there was something war na' a this yet, the
 diel a drap guid ale cou'd we get upo' the rod; I
 canna tell you fat diel was the matter wi't, gin the
 wort was blinket, or fat it was, bat you ne'er saw
 sik peltry i' your barn days; for it tasted sweet i'
 your mou, bat fan anes it was down your wizen, it
 had an ugly knaggin, an' a wanch wa-gang, an'
 syne the head o't was as yallow as blest milk; it was
 enough to gi' a warsh stamack'd body a scunner;
 bat ye ken well enough that I was never werra o-
 gertfu'; bat for a that we came browlies o' the
 rod, till we came within a mille of Godlammin, a lit-
 tle townie upo' the rod; an' syne, on a suddeny,
 our great gilligapous fallow o' a coach-man turned
 o'er our gallant cart amon' a heap o' shirrels an'
 peat-mow, an' flang her upo' her bres-side i' the
 gutter: my side happen'd to be newmoist, an' the
 great hudderen carlen was riding hockerty-cocker-
 ty upo' my shoulders in a hand-clap: for the wile
 limmer was sae dozen'd an' fumied wi' cauld, that
 she had neither farrach nor maughts; for she
 tumbled down upo' me wi' sik a reimis, that she
 gart my head cry knoit upo' the coach door; I
 wat she rais'd a norlick on my crown that wis nae
 well for twa days. By this time the gutters was
 comin in at the coach-door galore, an' I was lying

taavin an' wamlin under lucky-minny like a sturdy
 hoggie that had fa'en into a peat-pot, or a stirkie
 hat had staver'd into a well-eye: saul man, I be-
 gan to think be this time that my disty-meiller was
 near made, an' wad hae gien twice fourty-pennies to
 hae had the gowan oner my feet again; for, thinks
 I, an' the horse tak' a brattle now, they may come
 to lay up my mittens, an' ding me yavil an' as
 flyth as gin I had been elf-shot: Bat the thing
 that anger'd me warst awa was, to be sae fair
 gnidg'd by a chanler-chafed auld runk carlen; for
 an it had been a tyddie, cauller, swack penny-
 worth, I might hae chanc'd to get a mens o' her,
 an' gotten a ride on her again, gin she had been
 neiperly: Bat to mak' a lang tale short, I gat out
 oner the wife, an clam out at the t'ither door o' the
 coach, as gin I had been gaen out at the lum o' a
 house that wanted baith crook an' rattle-tree.
 Saul man, ye may laugh at me fan ye read this,
 bat I wat it was na' mows, for I was sidgen fair
 an' unco' vokie fan I gat out oner her, for as lag-
 gart an' trachel'd as I was wi' taavin amo' the
 dubs; I believe gin ye had seen me than (for it
 was just i' the glomin) staakin about like a hallen-
 shaker, you wou'd hae taen me for a water-wraith,
 or some gruous ghaist; bat I'm seer you wou'd
 hae

hae laughin' fair, gin ye had seen how the auld lang-
 glossed fan she fell down after I gat out ower her;
 fowever twa or three o's winfree'd the wife, an'
 gat her out. Fan we wis a' out, the vile carveal
 fleeth o' a coachman begin to yark the peer-
 beasts fae, that you wou'd hae heard the fough o'
 ilka thudd afore it came doun; but a' this wou'd
 na' dee; sometimes the breast-woddies, an' some-
 times the cheeks brak, and the swingle-trees flew
 in flinders, as gin they had been as freugh as kail-
 castacks; syne ilka a thing gaed widderfint about
 wi' us: at last we, like fierdy follows, flew to't
 flaught-bred, thinkin to raise it in a widden-dream;
 bat faul we wis mistane, for we cou'd na' budge it:
 at the last an' the lang came up twa three swan-
 lies riding at the hand-gallop, garring the dubs
 flee about them like speen-drift, an' they seem us
 taavin an' workin' fae eident, speird' fat wis the
 matter wi' us; for fan they saw us a' in a bourach,
 they had some allagust that some mishanter had be-
 faln us; fowever they wou'd na' take ony sittin-
 ment wi' our business, till we speird' gin they
 wou'd lend us a hand to winfree our coach; faul
 the lads wis nae very drieck a-drawin, bat lap in
 amo' the dubs in a handclap; I'm seer some o'
 them wat the sma' end o' their moggan: syne we

laid our heads together, an' at it wi' virr; at last,
 wi' great pechin an' granin, we gat it up wi' a
 pingle. By this time it wis growing mark, an' a-
 bout the time o' night that the boodles begin to
 gang; an' as I was in a swidder fat to-dee, I wou'd
 na' gang into the coach agen, far fear I shou'd hae
 gotten my harns kleckit out, or some o' my bairns
 broken or dung a-smash; o' the tither hand I did
 na' care to stimp upo' my queets, far fear o' the
 briganers; an', mair attour, I did na' na' care to
 bachle my new sheen: fowever the lieftenant
 an' I ventured o' the rod: for ye ken well e-
 nough, we, bein wat, wou'd soon grow daver to
 stand or sit either i' the cauld that time o' night:
 an' we cou'd na' get a chiel to shaw us the gate,
 alpuist we had kreish'd his lief wi' a shillin; bat be-
 guid luck we anter'd browlies upo' the rod; an'
 left the auld gabby carly, an' the hudderan wife, to
 help the leethfu' leepit fleeth o' a coach-man to
 yoke his horse; for mony a time did he bid diel
 confound him frae neck to hell, or else sheet him
 flyth that he might na' dee o' dwinin. O man,
 an ye had seen fow laggert the auld-farren body
 was afore he gat the runk carlen hame to our lodg-
 in; wae worth me bat ye wou'd hae hard the
 peer bursen belchs whoslin like a horse i' the
 strangle

strangle a riglength e'er you came near them;
 an' syne the auld wife complain'd sae upo' her
 banes, that you wou'd hae thought she had been in
 the dead-thraw in a weaven after she came in:
 guid seggs I was sey'd that she had taen the
 wytenon-sa, an' inkait afore supper; far she shud-
 dered a' like a klippert in a cauld day.

There happen'd to be i' the house we came to
 lodge in, three young giglet hiffies, an' they were
 like to pish their houghs fan they saw how blub-
 ber'd an' droukit the peer wary-draggels war fan
 they came in; far ye wou'd hae thought that the
 yerd-meel had been upo' their face: There wis
 ane o' the queans, I believe, had casten a lagen-
 gird; the tither wis a haave colour'd smeerless
 tapie, wi' a great hassick o' hair hingin in twa-
 pennerts about her haffats; she looked sae alla-
 grugous that a bodie wou'dna hae car'd to meddle
 wi' her apiece they had been hir'd to dee't; bat
 the third wis a cauller, swack bit o' beef, as mirkie
 as maukin at the start, an' as wanton as a speanin
 lamb. I believe she was a leel maiden, an' I canna
 say bat I had a kirnen wi' her, an' a kine o' a har-
 lin favour for her; bat did na' care for bein' o'er
 browden'd upon her at first, far fear she shou'd say
 that

that I was new-fangle; fowever I took her by the
 bought o' the gardy, an' gar'd her sit down by me;
 bat she bad me had aff my hands, far I misgrugled
 a' her apron, an' mismagg'd a' her cocker-pony:
 I canna' say bat I wou'd hae been content to hae a
 night o' her i' the kill-hole, altho' I had nae main
 claife bat a spraing'd faikie, or a rizeh plaidie to hap
 our hurdies; bat I had na set her well down by me,
 till in came sik a rangel o' gentles, and a lithry o'
 hanziel slyps at their tail, that in a weaven the house
 wis gaen like Lawren-fair; for you wou'd na' hae
 hard day nor door; syne the queans was in sik a firry-
 farry, that they began to misca' ane anither like kail
 wives, an' you wou'd hae thought that they wou'd
 hae flown in ither's witters in a hand-clap: I was
 anes gain to speer fat was the matter, bat I saw a curn
 o' camla-like fallows wi' them, an' I thought they
 were a' fremit to me, an' sae they might eat ither
 as Towy's hawks did, for ony thing that I car'd;
 far, thinks I, an' I sou'd be sae gnib as middle wi'
 the thing that did nae brak my taes, some o' the
 chiels might lat a raught at me, an' gi' me a cla-
 mihewit to snib me frae comin that gate agen.
 At last ane o' the hiffies came an' speerd at me gin
 I wou'd hae a bit o' a roasted grycie, or a piece o' a
 bacon

bacon haam (that is the hinder hurdies o' an auld swine) for sipper; bat ye ken well enough that I was ne'er very browden'd upo' swine's flesh, sin my mither gae me a forsethie o't, an' maist hae gi'en me the gulsach; an' sae I tauld her I rather hae the leomen of an auld ewe, or a bit o' a dead nout. By this time, it wis time to mak the meel-an-bree, an' deel about the castacks, bat diel a word o' that cou'd I hear i' this house; well thinks I, an' this be the gate o's I'll better gang to my bed as i'm boden: fan they saw that, they sent in some smachry or ither to me, an' a pint of their scuds, as fowr as ony bladoch or wigg that comes out o' the reem-kirn; far they thought ony thing might fair a peer body like me; bat the leave o' the gentles wis drinkin' wine a' fouth, tho' I might nae fa' that: Bat, to mak' an end o' a lang story, I made shift to mak' a sipper o't, an' gaed to my bed like a guid bairn, an' the niest mornin' they had me up afore the sky, an' I believe afore the levrick or yern-bliter began to sing, an' hurl'd me awa to Portsmouth.

Gin ye like this piece o' my journal, I care na by to sen' you a weekly journal, in case I binna thrang; bat my fingers are sae daver't wi' the
cauld,

could, that I cannot write langer at this time; but
 fan this comes to hand, I hope you'll be sae kind as
 let us hear frae you. Adieu dryly, we fall drink
 fan we meet.

F I N I S.

SHOP BILL.

TO ilk body be it kend,
Frae Johnnie Great's to the Land's-end,
That frae this day I do intend
Some thanks to sell;
This is my bill, to you I send

That it may tell:

That if you chance for me to speer,
I'll fit you weel wi' doughty geer

That either knobbs or lairds may weer,

And ladies tee,

For ilka season i' the year,

As ye shall see.

An' first o' hose I hae a' fouth,

Some frae the North, some frae the South,

An' some o' our ain quinary growth,

Baith grae an' russet,

Wi' different clocks, bat yet in truth

We ca't it gulbet.

An' mair attour I'll tell you trow,

That a' the moggans are bran new;

Some worsted are o' different hue,

An' some are cotton,

That's

That's faster far na' ony woo

That grows on mutton.

Bat if some lads sou'd stand in need

Of shanks that are for simmer weed,

I'll fit them wi' the best o' threed,

Or white or brown,

That may well fair the gentlest bleed

In a' the town.

The mucklest man, he may be fitted

Wi' hose that's either wove or knitted,

An', gin he likes, he's get them fitted,

Or brown or black;

We'll gar him say he's nae outwitted,

Fan he comes back,

The porter, car-man, or servant lad,

That ca's the beast wi' sup or gad,

May come to me, where may be had,

For their nain wear,

The starkest hose that can be made,

An' yet nae dear.

Far wary-draggle, an' sharger elf,

I hae the gear upo' my skelf,

Will make them soon lay down their pelf,

Fan anes they see,

That they wi' ease can fit themselves,

An' deal wi' me.

Frae

Frae ladies to a servant wench,
 I can well fit them ilka inch,
 An' if they're fley'd that they shou'd pinch,
 I'll try them on;
 Perhaps I may their greening stretch,
 Ere I hae done.

Red, blue, an' green, an' likewise pearl;
 I hae to fit the little girl;
 An' some for those that tak' a tirl
 Amo' the sheets,
 Wi' mony a bony tirl-wirl
 About the queets.

The ladies that do tak' their pleasure,
 An' wi' true travel win their treasure,
 If that they hae sae muckle leisure
 On me to call,
 I'll fit exactly to their measure,
 Baith great an' small.

Besides I'd hae you understand,
 That I hae caps upo' demand,
 An' gloves likewise, to hap the hand
 Of fremt an' sib.
 An' napkins, as good's in a the land,
 To tight your nib.

B

Now

Now by my bill you plainly see,
 That great an' sma' can fitted be:
 Come then flock flaught-bred unto me,
 An' buy my shanks,
 You may be sure that I will gie
 A warld o' thanks.

I likewise tell you by this bill,
 That I do live upo' Tower-hill,
 Hard by the house o' Robie Mill,
 Just i' the muik,
 Ye canna' mist whenever you will,
 The sign's a buik.

O si nunc juvenes & puellæ
 Wou'd flock in, like *micantes stellæ*,
Tum mihi suavius erit melle,
 When, frae the thrang,
 The clink that haps baith back an' belly,
 I tell ding dang.

Sed denique, it is uncommon
 To send a bill that mentions no man,
Ut finem huicce story ponam,
Sit notum vobis,
 Simmer an' winter, *hoc est nomen*,
 I mean ROB. FORBES.

K E Y;

O R

Explanation of the hard Words contained in AJAX's Speech and the JOURNAL:

Alphabetically digested.

A

ATRY
Arfelins

Allagust

Anter'd

Allagrugous

Stern, grim

Backwards

Suspicion

Saunter'd, hit upon

Grim, ghastly

B

Bourachs

Bouden'd

Bruilzie

Bicker

Batie

Bourd

Brinns

Bouksome graith

Beeked

Ben-inno

Bink

Browden'd

Blinket

Biest milk

Rings, circles

Swell'd

Scuffle, quarrel

Rattle

Mastiff

Meddle, contend

Rays, beams

Bulky accoutrements

Warm'd

Within, beyond

A feat of plaister

Fond, enamour'd

Sow'd, spoil'd

Milk from a new calved cow

B 2

Budge

Budge
Boodies
Briganers
Bachle
Burfen belchs
Bladoch

Stir, move
Ghosts, goblins, &c.
Robbers, thieves
Wrench, distort
Breathless wretches
Butter-milk

C

Chast-taak
Crous
Cninzie
Cappit
Caircleuk
Cleikit
Coutchack
Chuller
Confeirin
Connach'd a hantle
Curn air-bear
Casten a lagen gird
Camla-like
Clamehewit

Talking, prattling
Bold, stout
Coin
Touchy, quarrelsome
Left hand
Caught in the fang
Clearest part of the fire
Double chin
Considering
Spoil'd much
Parcel of early barley
Bore a child
Sullen, surly
Stroke, a drubbing

D

Dowy
Dwang'd
Dwame
Doited
Dird
Dacker'd
Deil-be-licket
Dozen'd
Difty meiller

Dismal
Bow'd, decrepid
Qualm, fainting
Stupified
Thump, box
Engaged, grappl'd
Nothing
Benumb'd
Made an end of, last meal
made of the crop

Ding me yavil
Driech
Dung a-smash
Davert
Dwinin
Droukit

Lay me flat
Slow, slack
Beat to powder
Cold, benumb'd
Lingering illness
Bedaub'd, besmear'd

Ewder

Ewder	Blaze, scorching heat
Ettled at	Aim'd at
Etion	Kindred, genealogy
Eident	Busy, diligent
Ettercap	Venomous spider, a wasp

Fittiniment	Concern, footing in
Flaught-bred	Brillly, fiercely
Farrer pen	Be more favour'd
Fud	Tail, back-side
Fey	Doom'd to die
Ferter-like	Like a little fairy
Furhow	Forlake
Fleg	Fright
Foal'd	Born
Fair-fuir-days	Broad-day-light
Feckless	Of no effect, value
Farrach	Strength, substance
Futtle-haft	Handle of a knife
Forfoughen	Fatigu'd, toil'd
Forby me	Besides me
Fang	Slice
Flay belly-flaught	Skinn'd over head like a hare
Feugh	Whif
Flinders	In pieces, splinters
Freugh	Frail, brittle
Fierdy	Fierce, stout
Forlethie	Surfeit

Gardies	Arms
Glomin-time	Twilight
Glaik	Cheat
Gutcher	Grand-father
Gnidge	Squeeze, press down
Gou'd in goupins	Gold in handfuls
Gnib	Ready, quick
Glyde	An old horse

Gleg	Bright, sharp
Glourin	Staring
Gully	Weapon
Glacked my mitten	Put cash in my hand, gratified me
Gaucy	Jolly, plump
Gardy-chair	Elbow-chair
Gysard	Harlequin, disguised
Gillegapous	Half-witted, crack-brain'd
Galore	Plenty
Gruous ghaist	A grim, grisly ghost
Gloff'd	Shiver'd
Gulfach	Jaundice
Hanny-grips	Close-grapple
Hurly	Last
Hale-ware	Whole
Hirplin	Clenching, halting
Howk'd	Dieg'd
Haw	Pale, wan
Happit	Skreen'd, cover'd
Hudge-mudge	Secretly, underhand
Hudderen	Hideous, ugly
Hallen-shaker	Sturdy-beggar
Harns	Brains
Haffick	A great Besom
Haffats	Chops, Cheeks
Hurdies	Buttocks, hipps
Hanziel-slyps	Uncouthly dressed, ugly fellows
Jidge	Judge
Jouckry-pauckry	Roguery, Tricks
Ingle	A strong fire
Inlakit	Died, breath'd her last
Kneefest	Keenest, briskest
Knoited	Clash'd

Kavil	Lot, share	Neipers
Kebhuck	A big cheese	Nervel
Knaggim	Good eye-taste	Newtost
Kreish'd his lief	Great'd his loof, his palm	Norm
Klippert	A horn sheep	Oye
Kirnen	Familiarity	Ogerle
Lift	Firmament	Prockls
Langel	Entangle	Prins
Laggert	Encumber'd	Propane
Leethfu	Loathsome, dirty	Prigs
Leepit	Meagre, thin	Prish
Lucky-minny	Grandam	Prish
Lay up my mittens	Beat out my brains	Prish
Liethry	Croud	Prish
Lowren-fair	A great market in Aberdeen-	Prish
Lat a raught	shire	Prish
Leomen	Aim a stroke	Prish
	Leg	Prish
	M	Prish
Maik	Match, equal	Prish
Muckle virr	Great force	Prish
Maughts	Might, strength	Prish
Mentless	Greedy, covetous	Prish
Mian	Must	Prish
Menzie	Croud, throng	Prish
Maughtless	Weak, sickly	Prish
Mergh	Marrow	Prish
Maun	Bread-basket	Prish
Mows	Sport, jest	Prish
Milhanter	Disaster	Prish
Mirky as mankin	Merry as a hare	Prish
Misgrugl'd	Bumpl'd, handled roughly	Prish
Mismaggl'd	Spoil'd, put awry	Prish
Meel-an-bree	vulgo, Brose	Prish
	N	Prish
Neef	Difficulty, doubt	Prish
Nidder'd	Plagu'd, warmly handled	Prish
		Neipers

Neipers

Nevel

Newmost

Norlick

Oye

Ogertfu'

Proticks

Phizz

Propine

Prigg

Pallach

Peltry

Peat-mow

Peching

Pingle

Quinzie

Queets

Rangel

Routh

Ruicks

Reimis

Rantle-tree

Riach pladie

Shught

Staik

Sleeth

Scowder

Slocken'd

Swirl'd

Scouth

Swidders

Stirle

Neighbours

A box, blow with the fist

Nethermost, beneath

A lump, swelling

O

Grand-child

Nice, squeamish

P

Warlike deeds, achieve-
ments

Image, the Palladium

Gift, present

Importune, sue for

Fat and short, like a porpoise

Vile trash

Peat-dross, dust

Puffing, breathing hard

Difficulty, hardly

Q

Corner

Anclcs

R

Croud, omne gathrum

Plenty, wealth

Crows

Rumble, roar

End of a rafter or beam

Dun ill-coloured plaid

S

Sunk, covered

Stake, prize

Sloven

Set on fire

Quench'd

Sail'd

Room

Doubt, hesitation

Howl, shriek

Stewgs

Stewgs	Rusty darts
Sakeless	Helpless, forsaken
Snell	Bitter, sharp
Snibb	Chastised, frightened
Smeerless	Senseless, thoughtless
Souple	Supple, agile
Spang	Spring
Shak a fa'	Wrestle, grapple
Swack	Nimble
Setterel	Thick-set, dwarfish
Swown	Swell'd
Smore	Smother, choak
Scunner	Loathing, surfeit
Shirrels	Turf
Sturdy	Giddy, affected with a yaw
	tige
Stirkie	Young steer or quey
Staver'd	Stagger'd
Sough	Sound
Speen-drift	Driving snow
Stilp	Stalk, walk
Sheet styth	Shot stark dead
Spraing'd faikie	Old tartan plaid
Smachry	Trash
	T
Tedder'd	Anchor'd
Threeps	Allegations, falsehoods
Toulzies	Battles, engagements
Thirle	Thrill, pierce
Thol'd	Suffer'd, endur'd
Tyke	Dog
Thudd	Stroke, box
Tulchin	Budget
Tinsel	Loss
Tawin	Wrestling, tumbling
Tyddie	Plump, fresh
Trachel'd	Fatigued
Tarveal	Ill-natured, fretful

Vouft	Brag, vaunt
Weir	War
Weerded	Determined, foretold
Wamble	Tumble
Wimples	Cunning, wiles
Wizen'd	Wither'd, dry
Wizen	Throat
Waugh wa-gang	A very disagreeable bye-taste
Warsh ftamack'd	Tender or watry ftomach'd
Winfreed	Raised from the ground
Widderfins	Backwards, contrary to the course of the fun
Widden-dream	All of a sudden, with a ven- geance
Whoflin	Blowing, breathing hard
Weaven	Moment
Wytenonfa	Trembling, chattering
Witters	Throats, fallen foul of one another
Yerded	Buried
Yerd	Earth
Yark	Strike, whip
Yerd-meal	Earth-mould, church-yard dust
Yern-blitter	A bird called a Snipe

F I N I S.

P E T A C H

THE

DOMINIE DEPOS'D;

OR,

SOME REFLECTIONS

On his Intrigue with a young Lass, and what
happened thereupon: Interspers'd with Advice
to all School-masters, Precentors, and Dominies
on *Dee-side*.

By WILLIAM FORBES, A. M. late School-master
at *Petercoulter*.

With the S E Q U E L.

P R E F A C E.

IF this offend when you peruse,
Pray, Reader, let ~~this~~ me excuse,
Myself I only here accuse,

Who am the cause
That e'er you had this piece of news
To split your jaws.

For had I right the gully guided,
And wi' a wife myself provided,
To keep me from that wae betide it;

That's kent to a',
I'd staid at home, or near beside it;

Now that's awa'!

Be wiser then, and do what's right,
And mind your business with might,
Lest unexpected gloomy night

May you surround,
And mingle all your pleasures bright

With grief profound.

And, bonny lasses! mind this rhyme,
As true as three and six make nine,
If ye commit ye ken what crime,

And turn unwell,
The'll something wamble in your wame,
Just like an eel.

THE

THE
DOMINIE DEPOS'D.

P A R T I.

SOME Dominies are so bias'd,
That o'er the dyke themselves they cast,
They drink, and rant, and live fac-fast;
This drives them on
To draw a weapon at the last,

That sticks Mafs John.

Thus going on from day to day,
Neglecting for to watch and pray,
And teach the little-ones *A, B, C,*
And *Pater Noster,*
Quite other thoughts our Lettergae
Begins to foster.

For, laying aside baith fear and shame,
They slyly venture on that game,
All-fours, I think, they call't by name,
Baith auld and rise,
That in the play Mafs John is slain
With his awn knife.

C

It's

It's kend; therefore, I will not strive
 My doughty deeds for to describe;
 A lightsome life still did I drive,
 Did never itch,
 By out and in abouts to thrive,
 Or to make ritch.

I never laid it up in store,
 Into a hole behind the door;
 A shilling, penny, less or more,
 I did it scatter;
 It's just now I should drink, therefore,
 Small beer or water.

I never sooner money got;
 But all my poutches it would plot,
 And scorch them fore, it was fae hot;
 Then to get clear
 Of it, I fweel'd it down my throat
 In ale or beer.

Thus, all my failing was my glafs;
 And, once to please a bonny lass,
 I, like a silly amorous as,
 Drew forth my gully,
 And thro' and thro' at the first pass
 Ran Mr *Willy*.

So for this mad, tho' merry fit,
I was fore vex'd and fore'd to flit,
They plagu'd me so with pay and fit;

Quoth they, you thief,
How durst you try to steal a bit
Forbidden beef?

O then I humbly plead that *vos*
Would make it your continual *mos*,
With hearts sincere and open *os*,
You'd often pray,

A tali malo libera nos,

O Domine.

For, hark I'll tell you what they think,
Since I left handling pen and ink,
Wae worth that weary sup of drink

He lik'd so well!

He drank it a', left not a clink

His throat to sweek,

He lik'd still sitting on his doup,

To view the pint or cutty-stoup,

And sometimes lassies over-coup

Upo' their keels,

This made my lad at length to loup,

And take his heels.

Then was it not a grand presumption,
To call him Doctor of the function?
He dealt too much in barley-unction

For his profession ;
He never took a good injunction
Frae kirk or session.

And to attend he was not willing,
His school, fae lang's he had a shilling,
But lov'd to be where there was filling
Good punch or ale ;
For him to rise was just like killing,
Or first to fail.

His fishing-wand, his snishin-box,
A fowling-piece to shoot muir-cocks,
And hunting hares thro' craigs and rocks,
This was his game ;
Still left the young anes, so the fox
Might worry them.

When he committed all these tricks,
For which he well deserv'd his licks,
With red-coats he did intermix,
When he foresaw
The punishment the kirk inflicts
On fouks that fa'.

Then

Then to his thrift he bid adieu,
 When with his tail he flap'd his mou;
 He chang'd his coat to red and blue,
 And, like a sot,
 Did the poor clerk convert into
 A Royal Scot.

And now fouks use me at their wills,
 My name is blown out o'er the hills,
 At banquets, feasts, all mouths it fills,
 'Twixt each Here's ti' thee,
 'Tis fore traduc'd at kills and mills,
 And common smithy.

Then Dominies, I you beseech,
 Keep very far from *Bacchus*' reach,
 He drowned all my cares to preach
 With his malt-bree,
 Ewe wore fair banes by mony a bleach
 Of his tap-tree :

If *Venus* does possess your mind,
 Her anticks ten times worse you'll find,
 For to ill tricks she's so inclin'd;
 For proticks past,
 She blew me here before the wind;
 Could be her cast!

Within years less than half a dozen,
 She made poor *Maggy* lie in gizzen,
 When little *Jack* broke out of prison.
 On good Yule-day,
 This of my quiet cut the wizen,
 When he wan gae.

Let Readers, then, take better heed,
 For fear they kifs more than they read,
 In case they wear the sacken-weed
 For fornication,
 Or leave the Priest-craft shot a-dead
 For procreation.

The most of them, like blind and lame,
 Have no aversion to the game;
 But better 'twere to take her hame,
 Their pot to cook,
 And teach the boys to write a theme,
 And mind their book.

Then may they sit at hame, and please
 Themselves with gathering in their fees,
 Whilst I must face mine enemies,
 Or shaw my dock;
 There's odds 'twixt handling pens with ease
 And a firelock.

[9]

So shall they never mount the stool,
Whereon the lasses greet and howl,
Tho' de'il a tear scarce fair or foul

Comes o'er their cheeks;
Their mind's not there, 'tis spinning wool,
Or mending breeks.

The Kirk then pardons no such prots,
They must tell down good five pounds Scots,
Tho' they should pledge their petticoats,
And gae arse-bare;
The least price there is twenty groats,
And prigging fair.

If then the lad does not her wed,
Poor *Mag* some feigned tears maun shed,
Her minny crooks her mou' and dad;
They fart and fling;
"Wae's me that e'er I made the bed,"
Then does she sing.

Thus for her maidenhead she moans,
Bewailing what is past;
Her pitcher's dash'd against the stones,
And broken is at last.

PART II.

P A R T II.

ALL maids, therefore, I do bemoan,
 Betwixt the rivers *Dee* and *Don*,
 If once they get o' lick o' yon,
 Tho' by the laird,
 The toy-mutch maun then gae on,
 Nae mair bare-hair'd;

Yet wanton *Venus*, that she-bitch,
 Does all our senses so bewitch,
 And fires our blood with sik an itch,
 That oftentimes,
 There is no help but to commit
 Some ill-far'd crimes.

Yet some they are so very willing,
 At any time they'll take a shilling,
 But he that learn't them first the spelling,
 Or *Meg* or *Nell*,
 Be sure, to him they'll lay an egg in;
 This some can tell.

Unthinking

Unthinking things! it is their creed,
 If some such things be done with speed,
 They're safe, 'tis help in time of need,
 No after-claps;
 Tho' nine months oft bring quick or dead
 Into their laps.

Experience thus makes me speak,
 I once was hooked with the cleek,
 And almost had beshit my breek,
 When *Maggie* told,
 That, by her faul, not even a week
 Young *Jack* would hold!

She was so stiff she cou'd na lout;
 Your prats, she says, are now found out,
 The kirk and you mairn hae a bout;
 Ill mat ye fare!
 'Tis a' yo ur ain, you need na doubt,
 Ilk hilt and hair.

Alas! that e'er I saw your face,
 I cannot longer hide the case;
 Had I foreseen this sad disgrace,
 Nae man, nor you,
 Should e'er hae touch'd my fik a place,
 Or kiss'd my mou',

O Dominie, you're dispoolest,
You have beshit your holy nest,
The warld sees you have transgress,

I'm at my time,
You dare no more now, do your best,
Lat gae the rhyme.

Ohon! how well I might have kent,
When first to you I gave consent,
With me to make your merriment,

How a' would be;
Alas! that e'er my loom I lent
That day to thee,

Wo to the night I first began
To mix my moggans with thee, man!
'Tis needless now to curse or ban,

But de'il hae me,
You'll pay and fit for fit-me-can,
And that you'll see.

I heard her as I heard her not,
But time and place had quite forgot;
I gues'd my piece was in the pot;

For I could tell,
It was too short her petticoat,
By half an ell.

With

With bladder'd cheeks and watry nose,
 Her weary story she did close;
 I said the best, and off I goes
 Just like a thief,
 And took a glass to interpose
 'Twixt mirth and grief.

Yet would have gi'en my half year's fee,
 Had *Maggy* then been jesting me,
 And tartan-purry, meal and bree,
 Or butt'ry brose,
 Been kilting up her petticoats
 Aboon her hose.

But time that tries such proticks past,
 Brought me out o'er the coals fu' fast;
 Poor *Maggy* took a sudden blast,
 And o'er did tumble,
 For something in her wame at last
 Began to rumble.

Our fouk call'd it the windy gravel,
 That grips the guts beneath the navel,
 But loath was she for to unravel
 Their gross mistake;
 Well kent she, that she was in travel
 With little *Jack*.

But,

But, to put matters out of doubt,
 Young *John* within wou'd fain be out,
 And but and ben made lik a rout

With hands and feet,
 That she began twa-fald about
 The house to creep.

Then dool and sorrow interveen'd;
 For *Jack* no longer could be screen'd;
 My lafs upon her breast she lean'd,
 And so she skirl'd;

The canny wives came there conven'd,
 All in a whirl.

They wrought together in a croud;
 By this time I was under cloud,
 Yet by and bye I understood,

They made one more;
 For *Jack* he tun'd his pipe, and loud
 With cries did roar,

Wi' that they blam'd the fession-clark;
 Where is the lown hid in the dark,
 For he's the father of this wark?

Swore to his mither,
 He's just as like him as a lark
 Is like anither.

About

About me then there was a din,
They sought me out through thick and thin,
With de'il hae her, and de'il hae him,
He's o'er the dyke ;
Our Dominie has now dung in
His arse a pike.

You may well judge I was right swear,
This uncouth meeting to draw near,
Yet forc'd I was for to appear,
Somewhat perplex'd ;
But listen how, and ye shall hear,
The hags me vex'd.

The carlings *Maggy* had so cleuked
Before young *Jack* was rightly hooked,
They made her twice as little bouked ;
But to go on,
O then ! how like a fool I looked,
When I saw *John*.

The summer then came to me bent,
And gravely did my son present ;
She bad me kiss him, be content,
Then wish'd me joy ;
And told it was what luck had sent,
A waly boy.

In

In ilka member, lith and limb,
Its mouth, its nose, its cheek, its chin,
'Tis a' like dady, just like him,

His very self,
Tho' it look'd cankerd, fowr and grim
As ony elf.

Then whispering low to me she harked,
Indeed your hips they should be yarked,
No more Mafs *John*, nor dare you clark it:

Faith you ha'e ca'd
Your hogs unto a bonny market,
Indeed, my lad!

But tell me, man, I should say master,
What muckle de'il in your way chas'd her;
Lowns baith! but I think I hae plac'd her

Now on her side,
My coming here has not disgrac'd her,
At the Yule-tide.

And for yourself, you dare not look
Hereafter ever on a book,
Your mou about the psalms to crook;

You've play'd the fool,
Another now your post maun bruik,
And you the stool.

She bann'd her faul, and then she blest it,
In the kirk-book it would be listid,
And thus the weary wife insisted,

Our Lettergae

Will sit where he will not be pish'd at
By dogs some day.

She wrung her hands until they cracked,
And sadly me she sham'd and lacked,
Ah man! the priest, how will he tak it,

When he hears tell;

How *Maggy's* mitten ye hae glacket,
Ye ken yoursel!

The fession-clark to play such prankies;
You'll stand, I fear, upon your shankies,
And may be slaver in the brankies;

It could not miss,

But lifting *Maggy's* killimankies
Would come to this.

A toothless houdy, auld and teugh,
Says, Cummer, husht, we ha'e enough,
Thirsh mony ane has touch'd the pleugh,
Aah guid aah he,

And yetch gane backlench o'er the heugh,
Shae lat him be.

Hesh not the first, tho' hesh book-lear'd,
That you ken what they have creep near't,
For you and I hesh oftimes heard

Of nine or ten,
Who thus the clergy hesh beshmear'd
With their own pen.

The auld mou'd wives thus did me taunt,
Tho' a' was true, I needs must grant;
But ae thing maistly made me faint,

Poor *Meg* lay still,
And look'd as loosome as a faint
That knew nae ill.

Then all the giglets young and gaudy,
Sware by their fauls I might be wady,
For getting sik a lussy ladie,

God save the chiel!
But O! thought I, the shool and spady
Wou'd fit him well,

Thus every wife her verdict had,
'Bout *Maggy's* being brought to bed,
I thought my fill, yet little said,

Or had to say,
To reap the fruit of sik a trade.
On good Yule-day.

What

What sometimes in the mou' is sweet,
 Turns bitter in the wame;
 I grumbl'd fair to get the geet,
 At sik a merry time.

P A R T III.

NOW *Maggy's* twafome in a swoon,
 A council held condemns the lown,

The cuffle-muffle thus went roun,
 Our bonny clark,

He'll get the dud and sacken gown,
 That ugly fark..

Confider, Sirs, now this his crime,
 'Tis not like her's, or your's, or mine,
 He's just next thing to a divine,

And now 'tis odd,
 Sik men should a' their senses tine,
 And fear of God..

'Tis strange what makes kirk-fouks so stupid,
 To make or meddle with the fucalt,
 Or mint to preach in sik a pupit ; ;

The senseless fools,
 Far better for them hunt the touchit,
 Or teach their schools.

They hunt about from house to house,
 Just as a taylor hunts a louse,
 Still girding at the barley-juice,
 And oft get drunk,
 They plump into some open sluice,
 Where all is sunk.

A plague upo' that oil o' mair,
 That dreary drink is a' their fault,
 It made our Dominie to halt;
 The text fulfil,
 Which bids cast out the sareless saut
 On the dunghill.

They are so fed, they lie so fast,
 They are so hain'd, they grow so dast;
 This breeds ill wiles, ye ken fu' aft,
 In the black coat,
 Till poor Mafs John, and the priest-craft
 Goes ti' the pot.

I told them, then, it was but wicked
 To add affliction to th' afflicted,
 But to it they were so addicted,
 They said, therefore,
 The clout about me would be pricked
 At the kirk-door.

But

But yet nor kirk nor conslerie,
 Quo' they, can alk the taudy fee;
 Tell them in words, just twa or three,
 The de'il a plack,
 For tarry-breeks should ay go free,
 And he's the clark.

I then was dumb; how was I griev'd?
 What wou'd I gi'en to been reliev'd?
 They us'd me worse than I had thiev'd;
 Some strain'd their lungs,
 And very loud they me mischiev'd
 With their ill tongues.

Had you been there to hear and see,
 The manner how they guided me,
 And greater penance who could dree?
 A Lettergae
 With such a pack confin'd to be,
 On good Yule-day.

Young *Jack* with skirls he pierc'd the skies,
 I pray'd that death might close his eyes,
 But did not meet with that surprise,
 To my regrete,
 She had no help, but up and cries
 Het drinks to get.

This

This laid her din ; the drink was stale,
 And to't they gaed with teeth and nail ;
 And wives whose rotten tusks did fail
 With bread and cheese,
 They birl'd fu' fast at batter'd ale
 To gie them ease.

They call upon me, then, Dadda,
 Come tune your fiddle, play us a
 Jigg or hornpipe, nae mair *sol fa*,
 My boony cock !
 The kirk and you maun pluck a fa'
 About young Jock.

Play up, Sae merry as ye'hae been,
 Or, Wat ye what ye got the streen,
 Or, Lafs will ye lend me your leem ?
 Or, Sups of Brandy ;
 Or, Gin the kirk wad lat's alane,
 Or, Houghmagandy.

Such tunes as these, yea, three or four,
 They called for, ill mat they cour !
 Play, cries the cummer, with a glowr,
 The wanton towdy,
 Who did the Dominie ding o'er,
 Juit heels o'er gowdy.

Of music I had little skill,
 But as I could, I play'd fu' ill,
 It was my best to show good-will;
 Yet a' my drift
 Was, best how I might win the hill
 The wives to shift.

The Lettergae thus play'd the fool,
 And shifted the repenting stool,
 To kirk and sessions bids good-day,
 When o'er the hills and far away.

THE

THE

SEQUENCE.

NOW loving friends I have you left,
 You know I neither stole nor rest,
 But when I found myself infest
 In a young *Jack*,
 I did resolve to change the haft
 For that mistak.

And reasons more I had enow;
 For I had neither horse nor cow;
 My stock took wings, and aff it flew,
 So all was gone;
 And de'il a flie had I was new,
 Except young *John*,

Too oft, my thrifty throat to cool,
 I went to visit the punch bowl,
 Which makes me now wear reddish wool
 Instead of black;
 Or I must foot the cutty-stool,
 With de'il a plack.

The

The chappin-stoup, the pint and gill,
 Too oft I caused for to fill,
 Ay loving those who cou'd sit still,
 And weet the mouth,
 Ne'er minding that the *Tulla-hill*
 Leads people south,

O! but the loving laird *Kingswells*,
 My blessings flow till his foot swells,
 Long life to him what e'er befalls,
 God be his guide!
 He's cur'd a thousand thrifty fauls,
 And mine beside.

O had I but those days again,
 Which I so freely spent in vain,
 I'd strive some better for to ken
 What future chance
 Should blow me here out o'er the main,
 And so near *France*.

But since I'm aff so many a mile,
 There's nothing got without some toil,
 I'll wait; cross fortune once may smile,
 Come want, come wealth,
 And take a pint in the mean time,
 To *Holdon's* health.

So for a time, friends, fare ye well,
 My pot companions, true and leel,
 I wish you all a merry Yule,
 Much mirth and glee,
 No more young *Jacks* into the creel
 That day for me.

POLEMO.

POLEMO-MIDDINIA,

Inter * Vitarvam et † Neberniam.

NYMPHÆ, quæ totius highland monte Pſea,
Sen vps Pittenweema tenent, seu Crelia
crosta,

Sive Anstrea domus, ubi nat haddockus in undis,
Codlineusque ingens, ubi flouca et sketta perer-
rant

Per costam et scopulos, lobster monstrosus in undis
Crepat, et in mediis ludit whitensis undis:

Et vos skipperii, soliti qui per mare breddum

Valde procul lanchiare foras, iterumque redire,

Linqute skellatas bottas, shippasque picatas,

Whistlantesque simul fechtam memorate bloodcam,

Fechtam terribilem, quam marvellaverat omnis

Banda deum, quoque nympharum cockleshellarum;

Maia ubi sheepifeda, et solgoosifera Bassa

Swellant in pelago, cum Sol bootatus Edinnum

Postabat radiis maddidis et shouribus atris,

* * * * *

Quo viso, ad fechtæ noisam cecidere volucres;

At terram cecidere grues, pliss-plahque dedere

E

Salgoosa

The Lady Scotstarvet. † The Lady Newburns.

Solgoosæ in pelago prope littora Brunteliana;
 Seasutor obstupuit, summiq; in margine saxi
 Scartavit prælustre caput, wingasque flappavit
 Quodque magis, alte volitans heronius ipse
 Ingeminans clig-clag mediis shtavit in undis.

Namque a principio storiæ tellabimus omnem.
 Muckreilium ingentem turbam Vitarva per agros
 Nebernæ marchare fecit, et dixit ad illos,
 Ite hodie armati greppis, drivate caballos
 Nebernæ per crosta, atque ipsas ante fenestras.
 Quod si forte ipsa Neberna venerit extra,
 Warrantabo omnes, et vos bene defendebo
 Hic aderant Geordy Aikenheadus, et Rob Little-
 johnus,

Et Jamy Richæus, et stout Michael Henderfonus,
 Qui gillitrips ante alios danfare solebat,
 Et hobbare bene, et lassas kissare benzæ;
 Duncan Oliphantus, valde stalvartus, et ejus
 Filius eldestus, jollyboyus atque oldmoudus,
 Qui pleugham longo gado drivare solebat;
 Et Rob Gib, wantonus homo, atque Oliver Hut-
 cheon,
 Et plouky-fac'd Watty Strang, atque inknee'd
 Alfhinder Aitkin,
 Et Willy Dick, heavy-artus homo, pigerrimus
 omnium,

Qui

Qui tulit in pileo magnum rubrumque favorem,
 Valde lethus pugnare; sed hunc Corngreivius heros
 Nontheadem vocavit, atque illum forcit ad arma.
 Insuper hic aderant Tom Taylor, et Henry Wat-
 sonus,

Et Tomy Gilchristus, et fool Jocky Robinsonus,
 Andrew Alshenderus, et Jamy Tomsonus, et unus
 Norland-bornus homo, valde valde anticovenanter,
 Nomine Gordonus, valde blackmoudus, et alter
 (De'il stick it! ignoro nomen) flavry-beardius
 homo,

Qui potras dightavit, et assas jecerat extra.

Denique præ reliquis Geordæum affatur, et
 inquit;

Geordi mi formanne! inter stoutissimus omnes,
 Huc ades, et crookfaddelos, hemmasque, crelesque,
 Brechemmesque simul omnes bindato jumentis,
 Amblentemque meum naggum, fattumque mariti
 Cursorem, et reliquos trottantes sumito averos:
 In cartis yokkato omnes: extrahito muckam
 Crosta per et riggas, atque ipsas ante fenestras
 Nebernæ; et aliquid sin ipsa contra loquatur,
 In sydas tu pone manus, et dicito *Farte jade!*

Nec mora, formannus cunctos flankavit averos,
 Workmannosque ad workam omnes vocavit, et illi
 Extemplo cartas bene fillavere gigantes.

Whistlavere vias, workhorfosque ordine fwieros
 Drivavere foras, donec iterumque iterumque
 Fartavere omnes; et sic turba horrida mufrat,
 Haud aliter quam si cum multis Spinola troupis
 Proudus ad Ostendam marchasset fortiter urbem.

Interea ante alios dux Piper Lajus heros
 Precedens, magnamque gerens cum burdine pypam,
 Incipit Harlai cunctis sonare battellum.

Tunc Neberna furens yettam ipsa egressa, vi
 densque

Muck-cartas transire viam; valde angria facta,
 Non tulit affrontam tantam; verum, agmine facto,
 Convocat extemplo barrowmannos atque laderos,
 Jackmannumque, hiremannos, pleughdrivsters at-
 que pleughmannos,

Tumlantefque simul reekoso ex kitchine boyos;
 Hunc qui dirtiferas terfit cum dishcloute dishas,
 Hunc qui gruelias scivit bene lickere plettas,
 Et saltpannifumos, et widebricatos fisheros;
 Hellæosque etiam falteros duxit ab antris,
 Coalheughos nigri girnantes more divelli;
 Life-guardamque sibi sævas vocat improba lassas,
 Maggæam magis doctam milkare cowæas,
 Et doctam sweepare flooras, et sternere beddas,
 Quæque novit spinnare, et longas ducere threedas;
 Nansæam, claves bene quæ keepaverat omnes,

Yellantemque

Yellantemque Elpen, longo berdamque Anapellam,
 Tartantemque simul Gyllam, gleidamque Katzam,
 Egregie indutam blacko caput footy clouto;
 Mammæamque simul vetulam, quæ sciverat apte
 Infantum teneras blande oscularier arfas;
 Quæque lanam cardare solet greasy fingria Betty.

Tum demum hungræos ventres Neberna gruelis
 Farfit, et guttas rasumibus implet amaris;

Postea new-barmæ ingentem dedit omnibus haustum.

Staggravere omnes, grandesque ad sidera ristas

Barmifumi attollunt, et sic ad prælia marchant.

Nec mora, marchavit foras longa ordine turma;

Ipsa prior Neberna suis stont facta ribaldi,

Rustæum manibus gestans furibunda gulæum,

Tandem muckrelios vocat ad pellmellia flaidos:

Ite, ait, uglæi fellows! si quis modo posthac

Muckifer has nostras tentet crossare fenestras,

Juro quod ego ejus longum extrahabo thrapellum,

Et totam rivabo faciem, luggasque gulæo hoc

Ex capite cuttabo ferox, totumque videbo.

Heart-bloodum fluere in terram. Sic verba finivit.

Obstupuit Vitarva diu, dirtflaida; sed inde

Couragium accipiens, muckrelios ordine cunctos

Middine in medio faciem turnare coegit.

O qualem primo fleuram gustasses in ipso

Battelli onsetto! pugnat muckrelius heros

Foster, et muckam per posteriora cadentem
In crelibus shoolare ardet. Sic dirta volavit.

O quale hurly-burly fuit ! si forte vidisses
Pypantes arfas, et flavo sanguine breikas
Dripantes, hominumque heartas ad prælia faintas !

O qualis firy-fary fuit ! namque alteri nemo
Ne vel footbreddum yerdæ yieldare volebat.
Stout erat ambo quidem, valdeque hardhearta
caterva.

Tum verò e media muckdrivster profilit unus,
Gallanteus homo, et greppam minatur in ipsam
Nebernā, (quoniam misere scaldaverat omnes)
Dirtavitque totam petticottam guttere thïcko,
Pearlineasque ejus skirtas, silkamque gownæam,
Vasquineamque rubram mucksherda begariavit.
Et tunc ille fuit valde faintheartus, et ivit
Valde procul, metuens shottam woundumque pro-
fundum.

Sed nec valde procul fuerat revengia in illum :
Extemplo Gillea ferox invasit, et ejus
In faciem girnavit atrox, et tigrida facta,
Bubblentemque grippans berdam, sic dixit ad illum;
Vade domum, filthæe nequam, aut te interficiabo.
Tunc cum gerculeo magnum fecit Gilly whippum,
Ingentemque manu sherdam levavit, et omnem
Gallantæi hominis gashberdam besmereavit :

Sume

Sume tibi hoc, inquit, sneefing valde operativum,
Pro præmio, fwingere! tuo: tum denique flaiide
Ingentem Gilly Wamphra dedit, validamque nevel-
lam!

Ingeminatque iterum, donec bis fecerit ignem.
Ambobus fugere ex oculis. Sic Gylla triumphat.
Obstupuit bombaizdus homo, backumque repente
Turnavit veluti nasus bloodasset, et O fy!
Ter quater exclamat, et o quam fæde neefavit!
Disjuniumque omne evomuit valde hungrius homo,
Laufavitque supra atque infra, miserabile visu:
Et luggas necko imponens, sic cucurit absens,
Non audens gimpare iterum, ne worfa tulisset.

Hæc Neberna videns yellavit turpia verba.
Et fy fy! exclamat, prope nunc victoria losta est.
Nec mora, terribilem fillavit dira canonem,
Elatisque hippis magno cum murmure fartam
Barytonam emisit, veluti Monsmegga cracasset.
Tum vero quackarunt hostes, fightamque repente
Sumpserunt: retrospexit jackmannus, et ipse
Sheepheadus metuit sonitumque ictumque buleti.

Quod si King Spanius, Philippus nomine, septem
Hisce consimiles habuisset forte canones
Batterare Sluissam, Sluissam dingasset in assam.
Aut si tot magnus Ludovicus forte dedisset
Ingentes fartas ad mœnia Montalbana,

Ipsam

Ipsam continuo towniam dingasset in yerdam!

Exit Corngreuius, wracco omnia tendere videns,
Consiliumque meum si non accipitis inquit,
Pulchras scartabo facies, et vos worriabo.

Sed needlo per seustram broddatus, inque privatas
Partes stobbatus, greitans, lookanque grievatē
Barlasumle clamat, et dixit, O Deus! O God!

Quid multis? sic fraya fuit, sic guisa peracta est,
Una nec interea spillata est dropa cruoris.

PRÆLIUM

PRÆLIUM GILLICRANKIANUM,

CANTILENA.

I.

GRAHAMIUS notabilis coegerat Montanos,
Qui clypeis & gladiis fugarunt Anglicanos;
Fugerant Vallicolæ atque Puritani;
Cacavere Batavi & Cameroniani,

II.

Grahamius mirabilis, fortissimus Alcides,
Cujus regi fuerat intemerata fides;
Agiles monticolas Marte inspiravit,
Et duplicatum numerum hostium profligavit.

III.

Nobilis apparuit Fermilo-dunensis,
Cujus in rebelles stringebatur ensis;
Nobilis est sanguine, nobilior virtute,
Regi devotissimus intus & in cute,

IV.

Pitcurrius heroicus, Hector Scoticanus,
Cui mens fidelis fuerat, & invicta manus;
Capita rebellium is excerebravit;
Hostes unitissimos ense dissipavit.

V.

V.

Glengarius magnanimus atque bellicosus,
 Functus ut Æneas, pro rege animosus ;
 Fortis atque strenuus hostes expugnavit,
 Sanguine rebellium campos coloravit.

VI.

Surrexerat fideliter Donaldus Insularius,
 Pugnaverat viriliter cum copiis Skyanis ;
 Pater atque filii non dissimularunt,
 Sed pro rege proprio unanimi pugnarunt.

VII.

MacLeanius, circumdatus tribu martiali,
 Semper devinctissimus familie regali,
 Fortiter pugnaverat more atavorum,
 Deinde dissipaverat turmas Batavorum.

VIII.

Strenuus Lochielius, multo Camerone,
 Hostes ense peremit, & Abrio pugione ;
 Istos & intrepidus orco dedicavit :
 Impedimenta hostium Blaro reportavit :

IX.

MacNeilius de Barra, Glencous, Keppochanus,
 Bellechius cum filio Stuartus Appianus,
 Pro JACOBUS Septimo fortiter gessere ;
 Pugiles fortissimi feliciter vicere.

X.

X.

Canoniſ clariffimus, Gallovidianus,
 Acer & indomitus, confilioque ſanus;
 Ibi dux adfuerat, ſpectabilis perſona,
 Nam pro tuenda patria hunc peperit Bellona.

XI.

Deucalidoni dominum ſpiraverat Gradivus,
 Nobilis et juvenis, fortis & activus;
 Nam, cum nativum principem exulem audiret,
 Redit ex Hungaria, ut regi inſerviret.

XII.

Illic & adfuerat Tutor Ranaldorum,
 Qui ſtrenue pugnaverat cum copiis virorum;
 Et ipſe Capitaneus, ætate puerili,
 Intentus eſt ad prælia ſpiritu virili.

XIII.

Glenmoristonus junior, optimus bellator
 Subito jam factus eſt, haſtenus venator;
 Perduelles Whiggios ut pecora proſtravit,
 Enſe & fulmineo MacKaium fugavit.

XIV.

Regibus & legibus Scotici conſtantes;
 Vos clypeis & gladiis pro principe pugnantes;
 Veſtra eſt victoria, veſtra eſt & gloria;
 In cantu & hiſtoria perpes eſt memoria.

L. 20

X

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XI

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A
COLLECTION
OF
SCOTTISH PROVERBS.

The greatest part of which were at first gathered
together

By Mr DAVID FERGUSON,

Some time Minister at Dunfermline:

And put into an Alphabetical Order after he depart-
ed this life, anno 1598.

The PRINTER *to the Merry, Judicious, and Discreet*
READER.

IT is well known, that every nation hath their own Proverbs and Proverbial Speeches; yea every shire or part of a nation hath some Proverbial Speeches, which others have not: so that a man can hardly gather together all such Speeches; yet some are more inclined to such kind of Speeches than others: Therefore many in this realm that have heard of DAVID FERGUSON, some time minister at Dunfermline, and of his quick Answers and Speeches, both to great persons and to others his inferiors, and have heard of his Proverbs which he gathered together in his time, which are now put down according to the order of the Alphabet; and many of all ranks of persons being very desirous to have the said Proverbs, I have thought good to put them to the Press, for their better satisfaction. I know there may be some that will say and marvel, that a minister should have taken pains to gather such Proverbs together; but they who know his form of powerful preaching the Word, and his ordinary talking, ever almost using Proverbial Speeches, will not find fault with this that he hath done. And whereas there are some old Scottish words, not now in use, they must be borne with, because, if you alter these words, the Proverb will have no grace. And so recommending these Proverbs to thy good use, I bid thee farewell.

The PUBLISHER.

SCOTTISH

SCOTTISH PROVERBS.

- A
- A**LL things bath a beginning, God excepted.
A good beginning makes a good ending.
A slothful man is a beggar's brother.
A vaunter and a liar are baith ae thing.
 5 **A'** is na tint that's in peril.
A' is na in hand that helps.
A toom purse makes a blate merchant.
As lang runs the fox as he has feet.
A hasty man never wanted wae.
 10 **A** wightman never wanted a weapon.
A fool's bolt is soon shot.
A gi'en horse should na be look't in the teeth.
A good alker should have a good nay-say.
A dear ship stands lang in the haven.
 15 **A**n evleit mother makes a sweer daughter.
A rackless huffie makes mony thieves.
A liar should have a good memory.
A black shoe makes a blyth heart.
A hungry man fees far.
 20 **A** silly bairn is eith to lear.
A half-penny cat may look at a king.
A greedy man God hates.
A proud heart in a poor breast has meikle do-
 lour to dree.
A sca'd man's head is soon broken.
 25 **A**e scabbed sheep fyles a' the flock.
A burnt bairn fire dreads.
Auld men are twice bairns.
A tatler is worse than a thief.
A borrowed len should come laughing hame.
 30 **A** blyth heart makes a blooming visage.
Ae year a nurse, seven years a daw.

- A' the keys of the country hang na at ae
belt.
A dumb man never wan law.
As soon comes the lamb-skin to the market as
the auld sheep's.
- 35 As many heads, as many wits.
A blind man should not judge of colours.
As the auld cock craws the young cock learns.
A scabbed horse is good enough for a sca'd squire.
A meik mirrour is a man's mind.
- 40 As meikle upwith, as meikle downwith.
An ill shearer never got a good hook.
A tarrowing bairn was never fat.
A good cow may have an ill calf.
A cock is crouse on his ain midding.
- 45 A new besom sweeps clean.
As fair fight wrans as crans.
A yeeld fow was never good to gryces.
As the carle riches he wretches.
A fool when he has spoken has a' done.
- 50 An old sack craves meikle clouting.
An old sack is ay skailing.
A fair fire makes a room flet.
An old knave is nae bairn.
A good yeoman makes a good woman.
- 55 A man hath nae mair good than he hath good of.
A fool may gie a wise man counsel.
A man may speir the gate to Rome.
As lang lives the merry man as the wretch, for
a' the craft he can.
All wald have all, all wald forgive.
- 60 Ane may lead a horse to the water, but four
and twenty canna gar him drink.
A blate cat makes a proud mouse.
An ill-willy cow should have short horns.
A good piece steel is worth a penny.

- An unhappy man's cart is eith to tumble.
 65 An auld bound bites fair.
 A fair bride is soon buskit, and a short horse
 soon wispit.
 As good had as draw.
 A man that is warned is half armed.
 An ill win penny will cast down a pound.
 70 A' the corn in the country is not thorn by
 kempers.
 Ae beggar is wae that anither by the gate gae.
 A travelled man hath leave to lie
 Ae ill word meets anither, an' it were at the
 brig of London.
 A hungry louse bites fair.
 75 A gentle horse should na be o'er fair spurr'd.
 A friend's dinner is soon dight.
 An ill cook should have a good cleaver.
 A good fellow tint never but at an ill fellow's
 hand.
 At open doors dogs come in.
 80 A word before is worth twa behind.
 A still sow eats a' the draff.
 A dumb man hads a'.
 A' fails that fools think.
 A wool-seller kens a wool-buyer.
 85 A man at five may be a fool at fifteen.
 As the sow fills the draff sours.
 A leill heart lied never.
 As good merchant tines as wins.
 A' the speed is in the spurs.
 90 As fair greits the bairn that is dung after noon
 as he that is dung before noon.
 An ill life, an ill end.
 Anes wood never wise, ay the worse.
 Anes payit never cravit.
 A great roofer was ne'er a good rider.

- 95 A short tree stands lang.
 A mitten'd cat never was a good hunter.
 A gangand foot is ay getting, an' it were a thorn.
 A' is not gold that glitters.
 Ae swallow makes nae summer.
- 100 A man may spit in his loof, and do full ill.
 An ill servant will never be a good master.
 An hired horse tired never.
 A' the winning is in the first buying.
 Alike ilka day makes a clout on Sunday.
- 105 A horse may snapper on four feet.
 A' things wyte that na well fares.
 A' things thrive but thrice.
 A Scots mist will weet an Englishman to the skin.
 Auld sin, new shame.
- 110 A man canna' thrive except his wife let him.
 A bairn main creep 'ere he gang.
 As lang as ye serve the tod, ye man bear up his
 tail.
 A' o'ers are ill, but o'er the water and o'er the hill.
 A man may woo where he will, but wed
 where he is wierd.
- 115 A mein pot plaid never even.
 Amongst twenty-four fools not one wise man.
 Ae man's meat is anither man's poison
 A fool will not gie his bauble for the Tower
 of London.
 A foul foot makes a fow wame.
- 120 A man is a lion in his own cause.
 A hearty hand to gie a hungry melteth.
 A cumberfume cur in company is hated for his
 miscarriage.
 A poor man is fain of little.
 An answer is a word.
- 125 A belittle bairn canna lie.
 A Yule feast may be done at Pasch.

- A good dog never barkit but a bane.
 A fu' sack will take a clout on the side.
 An ill hound comes halting-hame.
 130 A' thing helps, quo' the wren when she pist 7
 the sea.
 A' cracks, all bears.
 A houndless man comes to the best hunting.
 A' things hae an end, and a pudding has twa.
 A' is well that ends well.
 135 As good hads the stirrup as he that loup's on.
 A begun work is half ended.
 A Scotsman is ay wise behint the hand.
 A new tout in an old horn.
 As broken a ship has come to land.
 140 As the fool thinks the bell clinks.
 A man may see his friend need, but will not see
 him bleed.
 A friend is not known but in need.
 A friend at court is worth a penny in the purse.
 A' things are good unsey'd.
 145 A good goose indeed, but she has an ill gansel.
 All are not maidens that wear bare hair.
 A mach and a horse's hoe are baith alike.
 Airly crooks the tree, that good cammock should
 be.
 An ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of
 clergy.
 150 An inch of a nag is worth a span of an aver.
 A good word is as soon said as an ill.
 A spoonfu' of skitter will spoil a potfu' of skink.

B

- B**ETTER sit idle than work for nought.
 Better learn by your neighbour's skaith
 than by your own.
 155 Better half egg than toom doup.

Better

- Better apple given nor eaten.
 Better a dog fawn nor bark at you.
 Boden gear stinks.
 Bourd neither with me nor with my honour.
 160 Buy when I bid you.
 Better late thrive than never.
 Better hand loose, nor bound to an ill bakie.
 Better lang little than soon naething.
 Better give nor take.
 165 Better bid the cooks nor the mediciners.
 Better saught wi' little aught nor care wi'
 many a cow.
 Bring a cow to the ha' and she will rin to the
 byre.
 Bear wealth, poverty will bear itself.
 Better good sale nor good ale.
 170 Better woo over midding, nor over moss.
 Blaw the wind ne'er so fast it will lown at the
 last.
 Bind fast, find fast.
 Better auld debts nor auld fairs.
 Better a fowl in hand nor twa flying.
 175 Better spare at the bried nor at the bottom.
 Bind the sack 'ere it be full.
 Better be well loved nor ill won geir.
 Better finger off nor ay wagging.
 Better rew fit, nor rew flit.
 180 Bourd not with bawty, fear least he bite ye.
 Better say here it is, nor here it was.
 Better play's a full wame, nor a new coat.
 Better be happy nor wise.
 Better happy to court nor to good service.
 185 Better ae wit cost nor twa for nought.
 Better bow nor break.
 Better twa skaiths nor ae sorrow.
 Better bairns greit nor bearded men.

- Betwixt twa stools the doup fa's down.
 190 Better nae ring, nor the ring of a rash.
 Better hold out nor put out.
 Better sit still nor rise and get a fall.
 Better leave nor want.
 Better unborn nor untaught.
 195 Better be envied nor pitied.
 Better a little fire that warms nor a meikle that
 burns.
 Be the same thing that you wald be call'd.
 Black will be no other hue.
 Beauty but bounty avails nought.
 200 Beware of, had I wist.
 Better be alane nor in ill company.
 Better a begging mother nor a riding father.
 Better spared than ill spent.
 Before I wein, and now I wat.
 205 Bonny silver is soon spent.
 Better never have begun nor never end it.
 Byting and scarting is Scots folks wooing.
 Bread's house shall never,
 Bairns mother burst never.
 210 Bannocks are better nor nae kind of bread.
 Better a laying hen nor a lym crown.
 Better be dead as out of the fashion.
 Better buy as borrow.
 Better have a mouse in the pot as no flesh.
 215 Butter and burn-trouts gar maidens force the
 wind.
 Better a clout nor a hole out.

C

COURT to the town, and whore to the win-
 dow.

Cadgers are ay cracking of croak saddles.

Changes of works are lightening of hearts.

Charge

- 220 Charge your friend 'ere you have need.
 Cats eat what huffies spare.
 Cast not out the old water till the new come in.
 Cast a bane in the de'il's teeth.
 Crabbit was, and cause had.
- 225 Charity begins at home.
 Come not to the counsel uncalled.
 Conditions makes, and conditions breaks.
 Count filler after a' your kin.
 Cold cools the love that kindles over hot.
- 230 Cease your snow-balls casting.
 Come it air, come it late, in May comes the cow
 quake.
 Courtesie is cumbersome to them that kens it not.
 Chalk is no sheers.
 Clap a carle on the culls and he'll shite i'
 your loof.

D

- 235 **D**O in hill as ye wald do in ha'.
 Do as ye would be done to.
 Do well, and have well.
 Dame deim warily.
 Dead and marriage makes term-day.
- 240 Draff is good enough for swine.
 Do the likeliest, and God will do the best.
 Drive out the inch as thou hast done the span.
 Dead men byte not.
 Daffing dows nothing.
- 245 Dogs will redd swine.
 Dirt parts good company.
 Drink and drought come seenil together.
 Drunken wife got ay the drunken penny.
 Do well and doubt no man, do ill and doubt a'
 men.
- 250 Dead at the tae door, and heirship at the tither.
 Dummie canna lie.

E

EARLY master, lang knave.

Eaten meat is good to pay.

Fild wald have honour.

35 Evening oats is good morning fother.

Every land has its laugh, and every corn has its caff.

Every man wishes the water to his own mill.

Every man can rule an ill wife but he that has her.

Eat and drink measurely, and defy the mediciners.

60 Every man for himself, quo' the Martin.

Every man flams the fat sow's arse.

Experience may teach fools.

Every man wats best where his own shoe binds him.

Eat well's drink well's brother.

65 Either win the horse or tine the saddle.

Every man at forty is a fool or a physician.

F

FAR fowls have fair feathers.

Fair heights make fools fain.

Fools are fain of flitting.

270 Falshood made ne'er a fair hinder-end.

Freedom is a fair thing.

For a tint thing care not.

Fools haste is nae speed.

Fools set far tryfts.

275 For love of the nurse mony aie kisses the bairn.

Folly is a bonny dog.

Fair words broke never bane, foul words mony aie.

Foul water flokens fire.

Far sought and dear bought is good for ladies.

280 For fault of wise men fools sit on binks.

Fools

- Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.
 Fools are fain of right nought.
 Forbid a fool a thing, and that he will do.
 Follow love, and it will flee from thee; leave it,
 and it will follow thee.
 285 Fools should hae nae chapping-sticks.
 Friendship stands not on one side.
 Few words sufficeth to a wise man.
 Fire is good for the fersie.
 Fidlers' dogs and flies come to a feast unca'd.
 290 Fill fow and had fow makes a stark man.

G

- G**RACE is best for the man.
 Giff-gaff makes good friends.
Manus manum fricat.
 Good wine needs na a wisp.
 Good chear and good cheap gars mony haunt
 the house.
 295 God sends men cloth as they have cold to.
 God's help is nearer nor the fair even.
 Gie never the wolf the wedder to keep.
 Good-will should be tane in part of payment.
 God sent never the mouth but the meat wi' it.
 300 Girn when ye knit, and laugh when ye loose.
 Go to the devil and bishop you.
 God sends meat and the devil sends cooks.
 Go to the devil for his damie sake.
 Go shoe the geese.

H

- 305 **H**UNGER is good kitchen meat.
Optimum condimentum famas.
 He that is far from his gear is near his skaith.
 Hand in use is father of lear.

He

He maun hae leave to speak that canna had
his tongue.

He that lippens to bouden plows, his land will lie ley.

310 He rode sicker that never fell.

He that will not hear mother-head shall hear
step-mother head.

He that crabs without cause, shall meat without
mends.

He that may not as he would, maun do as he
may. *Ut quimus quando ut volumus, non licet.*

He that spares to speak spares to speed.

315 He is well easit that has aught of his own, when
others go to meat.

He that does ill hates the light.

He that speaks the thing he should not, hears
the things he would not.

He that is evil deem'd is half hang'd.

Help thyself and God will help thee.

320 He that spends his gear on a whore has baith
shame and skaith.

He that forsakes missour, missour forsakes him.

Half a tale is enough for a wise man. *Verbum
sapientia sat est.*

He that hews over hie, the spail will fall into his
eye.

He that eats while he lasts will be the war
while he die.

325 He is a weak horse that may not bear the saddle.

He that borrows and bigs, makes feasts and thigs,
drinks and is not dry, these three are not
thrifty.

He is a proud tod that will not scrape his ain hole.

He is wise that when he is weil can had him sae.

He is poor that God hates.

330 He is wise that is ware in time.

He is wise who can make a friend of a foe.

H

Hair

- Hair and hair make the carle's head bare.
 Hear a' parties.
 He that is red for windlestraws should not sleep
 in lees.
 335 He that is fraid of a fart should never hear thun-
 der.
 He rises o'er early that is hangit 'ere noon.
 He is na the fool that the fool is, but he that
 wi' the fool deals.
 He that tholes o'ercomes.
 He loves me for little that hates me for nought.
 340 He that has twa huirds is able to get the third.
 He is an airy beggar that may not go by ae
 man's doopr.
 Hall binks are sliddery.
 He is not the best wright that hews maist speals.
 He that evil does never good weens.
 345 He that counts a' cofts will never put plough i'
 the yeld.
 He that slays shall be slain.
 He that is ill o' his harbory is good o' the way-
 kenning.
 He that will not when he may, shall not when he
 wald.
 Hanging gangs by hap.
 350 He that is born to be hang'd will never be
 drown'd.
 He that comes unca'd fits unserv'd.
 He that comes first to the ha' may sit where he
 will.
 He that shames, let him be shent.
 He gangs early to steal that cannot say na.
 355 He was scant of news that tald his fater was
 hang'd.
 He should hae a long shafted spoon that sups kail
 wi' the devil.

He wad gang a mile to flit a fow.

Happy man, happy cavel.

He that aught the cow gangs nearest her tail.

360 He is worth nae well that can bid nae wae.

He would need a heal pow that calls his neighbour nitty now.

He that hath gold may buy land.

He that counts but his host counts twice.

He that looks not 'ere he loup will fall 'ere he wit o' himsel.

365 Haste makes waste.

Hooly and fairly men ride far journeys.

He that marries a daw eats meikle dirt.

He that marries 'ere he be wife, will die 'ere he thrive.

Hunting, hawking, and paramours, for one joy a hundred displeasures.

370 Held in geir helps well.

He is twice fain that sits on a flane.

He that does his turn in time sits half idle.

He plaints early that plaints o' his kail.

He wad rake hell for a bodle.

375 He is good that failed never.

He is a fairy cook that may not lick his ain fingers.

Hunger is hard in a hail maw.

Half aunch, is half fill.

He should wear iron shoone that bides his neighbour's dead.

380 Hame is hamely though ever so seemly.

He that is hated o' his subjects canna be a king.

Hap and halfpenny is world's geir enough.

He ca's me scabbed, because I will not ca' him sca'd.

He is blind that eats marrow, but he is blinder that lets him.

- 385 Have God, have all.
 Honesty is nae pride.
 He that fishes before the net, lang 'ere fish get.
 He tint never a cow that grat for a needle.
 He that has na gear to tine has shins to pine.
 390 He that takes a' his geer frae himsel and gies
 to his bairns, it were well waird to take a
 mell and knock out his harns.
 He sits fu' still that has a riven breech.
 He that does bidding 'serves na dinging.
 He that blaws best bears awa' the horn.
 He's well staikit there-ben that will neither
 borrow nor len.
 395 He will gar a deaf man hear.
 He's fairest dung when his ain wand dings him.
 He has wit at will, that wi' an angry heart can
 had him still.

*Proverbial Speeches of Persons given to such
 Vices or Virtues, as follows.*

Of Greedy Persons it is said:

- H**E can hide his meat and seek mair.
 He will see day-light thro' a little hole.
 400 He comes for drink, though draff be his errand.

Of Well-skilled Persons.

- He was born in August.
 He sees an inch before his nose.

Of Wilful Persons.

- He is at his wit's end.
 He hears na at that ear.
 405 He would fain be forward if he wist how.
 He would na gie an inch of his will for a span
 of his thrift.

Of Boasters and New Upstarts.

- His wind shakes na corn,

He

He thinks himsel nae page's peer.

He thinks himself worth meikle mice dirt.

410 Henry Chick never slew a man till he came near him.

Of Fley'd Persons.

His heart is in his hose.

He is mair fleyit nor he is hurt.

He looks as the wood were fu' of thieves.

He looks like the laird of pity.

415 He looks like a Lochaber ax.

Of False Persons.

He will get credit of a house fu' of unbor'd mill-stanes.

He looks up wi' the tae eye and down wi' the tither.

He can lie as well as a dog can lick a dish.

He bides as fast as a cat bound to a faucer.

420 He wad gar a man trôw that the moon is made of green cheefe, or that the cat took herrin.

Of Mismurtured Persons.

He has a brafen face; *perfecte frontis.*

He knows not the door by the door bar.

He spits on his ain blanket.

Of Unprofitable Foolish Persons.

He harps ay on ae string.

425 He robs Peter to pay Paul.

He rives the kirk to theek the quire.

He wags a wand in the water.

He that rides 'ere he be ready wants some of his gear.

Of Wily Persons.

He can had the cat to the sun.

430 He kens his groats among ither folk's kail.

He neiffers for the better.

He's na sae daft as he lets on.

Of Angry Persons.

He has na gotten the first seat of the midding
the day.

He has pisht on a nettle.

435 He takes pepper i' the nose.

Of Unconstant Persons.

He is like a weather-cock.

He has changed his tippet, or his cloak, on the
other shoulder.

He is like a dog and a cat.

His evening song and his morning song are not
both alike.

440 He is an Aberdeen's man that takes his word
again.

Of Persons Speaking Pertinently.

He has hit the nail on the head.

He has toucht him on the quick.

Of Masters and Divers.

He has not a hail nail to claw him with.

He has not a penny to buy his dog loaf.

445 He is as poor as Job.

He is as hair as the birk at Yule even.

He begs at them that borrowed at him.

He has brought his pack to a foot speed.

He is on the ground.

450 His hair grows through his head.

He has cryed himself diver.

Of Proud Persons.

He counts his half-penny good silver.

He makes meikle of his painted sheets.

He gaes away with born head.

455 He spills unspoken to.

He has na that bachel to swear by.

Of Untimous Persons.

He is as welcome as water in a riven ship,

He is as welcome as snaw in harvest.

Cf Rich Persons.

He sets all on six and seven.

460 He stumbles at a strae and louns o'er a brae.

Of Ignorant Persons.

He does as the blind man when he casts his staff.

He brings a staff to break his ain head.

He gars his ain wand ding him.

He breeds of the gaet that casts a' down at even.

465 He has good skill of roasted wool, when it stinks it is enough.

Of effeminate Persons.

He is John Thomson's man; couch carle.

He wears short hose.

Of Drunkards.

His head is full of bees.

He may write to his friends.

470 His hand is i' the creel.

He is better fed nor nurtured.

He needs not a cake of bread o' a' his kin.

Of Hypocrites.

He has meikle prayer but little devotion.

He runs with the hound and hads with the hare.

475 He has ae face to God and anither to the devil.

He is a wolf in a lamb's skin.

He breaks my head and syne puts on my hoo.

He can say, My jo, and think it no.

He sleeps as dogs do when wives sift meal.

480 He will gae to hell for the house profit.

Hot love and hasty vengeance.

I

IT is a fairy brewing that is na good in the newing.

It's tint that's done to auld men and bairns.

Ill weeds wax well.

485 In some man's aught main the old horse die.
It is a sooth dream that is seen waking.

In space comes grace.

It is ill to take out of the flesh that is bred in
the bane.

Ill win ill wait.

4,0 It is a silly flock where the ewe bears the bell.
It is sin to lie on the devil.

It is good gear that pleases the merchant.

It is good mows that fills the wame.

It is nae time to stoop when the head's aff.

495 It is fair in hall, where beards wag all.

It will come in an hour that will not come in a
year.

If you do nae ill, do nae ill like.

If ye steal not my kail, break not my dike.

If ye may spend meikle, put the mair to the fire.

500 If I can get his cart at a water, I shall lend it
a put.

If I may not kep goose, I shall kep gaislin.

It is kindly that the pock fare of the herring.

It is eith to cry Yule on anither man's coast.

Ilka man as he loves, let him send to the cooks.

505 It is eith to swim where the head is held up.

It is well wait they have sorrow, that buys it
wi' their filler.

If ane will not, anither will.

It is ill to take a breck aff a bare arse.

It is dear-bought honey that is lickt aff a thorn.

510 If God be wi' us, wha will be against us.

It is well wait that waiters want gear.

It is ill to bring but the thing that is not there-
ben.

It that lies na in your gate breaks na your
shins.

It

It is nae play where ane greets and anither
laughs.

515 If a man knew what would be dear, he would
no be merchant for a year.

It is true that a'll men say.

I have a good bow, but it is in the castle.

It is hard to sing at the brod, or kick at the
prick.

Ilka man mend ane, and a' will be mended.

520 It is a fairy collop that is tane aff a capon.

Ill bairns are ay best heard at hame.

It is ill to waken sleeping dogs.

Ill herds make fat wolves.

It is hard to wed and thrive in a year.

525 It is good sleeping in a hail skin.

It is not tint that is done to friends.

It is ill to draw a strae before an auld cat.

It is a pain both to pay and pray.

It is good fishing in drumly waters.

530 It is little of God's might to make a poor man
a knight.

It is good baking beside meal.

It is a good goole that draps ay.

It is not the habit that makes the monk.

It is not good to want and to have.

535 It has neither arse nor elbow.

I shall sit on his skirt.

It is a bare moor that he gaes o'er and gets
na a cow.

I shall hald his nose to the grindstane.

It gaes as meikle in his heart as his heel.

540 It gaes in at ae end and out of the ither.

It is nae mair pity to see a woman greet, nor to
see a goose gae barefoot.

It is well said, but wha will bell the cat.

It is short while since the louse bore the langeH.
I have

- I have a sliddery eel by the tail.
 545 It is as meet as a sow to bear a saddle.
 It is as meet as a thief for the widdy.
 I would I had as meikle black spice as he count
 himsel worthy mice dirt.
 It will be an ill web to bleach.
 I canna find you both tales and ears.
 550 It is ill making a bowing horn of a tod's tail.
 If ever you make a lucky pudding I shall eat
 the prick.
 If that God will give, the devil canna reave.
 In a good time I say it, in a better I leave it.
 It is a silly pack that may not pay the customs.
 555 I have seen as light a green.
 It is a cauld coal to blaw at.
 It is a fair field where a' is dung down.
 It is a fair dung bairn that dare not greet.
 I wat where my ain shoe binds me.
 560 If you wanted me and your meat, ye would
 want a good friend.

K.

- K**EME seenil, keme fair.
 Kindness comes of will.
 Kindness will creep where it may not gang.
 Kindness canna be bought for gear.
 565 Kail spairs bread.
 Kemsters are ay creishie.
 Knowledge is eith born about.
 Kings are out of play.
 Kings and bears aft worry their keepers.
 570 Kings have lang ears.
 King's caff is worth ither men's corn.
 Kindness lies not ay in ae side of the house.

LITTLE

L

LITTLE intermitting makes good friends.

Lang tarrowing takes all the thank away.

575 Little said is soon mended, and a little gear is
soon spended.

Lang lean makes hame-cald cattle.

Little wit makes meikle travel.

Lear yeung, lear fair.

Like draws to like, a scabbed horse to an auld dike.

580 Laith to bed, laith out of it.

Little may an auld nag do that mauna nicker.

Let them that are cauld blaw at the coal.

Lang standing and little offering makes a poor
priest.

Love has nae lack, be the dame ever so black.

585 Leave the court 'ere the court leave thee.

Light suppers make lang life days.

Lik'd gear is haff bought.

Lordships change manners.

Little winning makes a heavy purse.

590 Live and let live.

Love me, love my dog.

Lifeless, faultless.

Laith to the drink. laith frae't.

Lightly come, lightly gane.

595 Last in bed best heard.

Law's costly, take a pint and 'gree.

Little wats the ill-willy wife what a dinner may
had in.

Lads will be men.

Laugh and lay't down again.

600 Likely lies in the myre, and unlikely gaes by it.

Let him drink as he has brewen.

Like to die mends not the kirk-yard.

Lang sports turn to earnest.

Lang or ye cut Falkland wood with a penknife.

Love

- 605 Love me lightly, love me lang.
 Let alane makes mony a lown.
 Little troubles the eye but far less the soul.
 Little kens the wife that sits by the fire, how the
 wind blaws on hurly-burly swire.
 Lips gae, laps gae, drink and pay.

M

- 610 **M**ONY irons in the fire part maun cool.
 Maidens should be mim till they're mar-
 ried, and then they may burn kirks.
 Men may buy gold o'er dear.
 Mony purses had friends lang together.
 Meat feeds, and claith cleads, but manners
 make a man.
- 615 Mony hands make light wark.
 Make na twa mews of ae daughter.
 Meat's good, but mense is better.
 Mony masters, quoth the paddock, when ilka tine
 of the harrow took him a tide.
 Mint 'ere ye strike.
- 620 Measure is treasure.
 Mony lack what they wad hae in their pack.
 Misterfou' fowk mauna be mensfou'.
 Mister makes man of craft.
 Mony sma's makes a great.
- 625 Mony ane speaks o' Robin Hood that ne'er shot
 wi' his bow.
 Mastery maws down the meadow.
 Meikle water rins by that the miller wats na of.
 Meikle maun a good heart thole.
 Mony care for meal that hae baken bread
 enough.
- 630 Meikle spoken part spilt.
 Messengers shou'd neither be headed nor hang'd.
 Men are blind in their ain cause.

Mony

Mony words would hae meikle drink.

Man propones, but God dispones.

635 Mony ane serves a thankless master.

Mony words fill na the firlot.

Mony aunts mony cems, mony kin and few
friends.

Men gae o'er the dyke at the laighest.

Might o'ercomes right.

640 Mends is worth misdeeds.

Meikle head, little wit.

Mustard after meat.

Millers take ay the best mouter wi' their ain hand.

Mony ane spears the gate they ken fu' well.

645 Muzle not the ox's mouth.

Meikle would fain hae mair.

Mony ane tines the haff-merk whinger for the
halfpenny whang.

Make not meikle of little.

Mony ane makes an errand to the ha' to bid
the lady good-day.

650 Mony ane brings the rake, but few the shovel.

Make nae bawks of good bear land.

March whifquer was ne'er a good fisher.

Meat and mass hinders nae man.

N

NATURE passes nurture.

655 Nae man can baith sup and blaw together.

Sorbere & flare.

Naithing enters into a close hand.

Need makes virtue.

Need has nae law.

Nearest the kirk the farthest frae God.

660 Nearest the king, nearest the widdie.

New lords hae new laws.

Nae man has a tack of his life.

I

Nearest

- Nearest the heart, nearest the mouth,
 Never rode never fell.
 665 Need gars naked men rin, and sorrow gars
 websters spin.
 Near is the kirtle, but nearer is the fark.
 Naething is difficult to a well-willed man.
 Nae plea is best.
 Naething comes fairer to light than what has
 been lang hidden.
 670 Nane can play the fool fae well as a wise man.
 Nae man can make his ain hap.
 Nae penny nae pardon.
 Nae man can seek his marrow in the kirk fae
 well as he that has been in it himsel.
 Nae wonder to see wasters want.

- O
- 675 O'ER fast o'er loose.
 Of enough men leave.
 O'er great familiarity genders despite.
 Out o' debt out o' danger.
 O'er narrow counting culzies nae kindness.
 680 Out o' sight out o' langer.
 O' twa ills chuse the least.
 O' ither fowk's leather ye take large whangs.
 O'er mony grieves but hinder the wark.
 O' the abundance o' the heart the mouth
 speaketh.
 685 O' a' war peace is the final end.
 O' ill debtors men get aiths.
 O' need make virtue.
 Open confession is good for the faul.
 O' ae ill comes mony.
 690 O'er het o'er cauld.
 O'er high, o'er laigh,
 O'er meikle of ae thing is good for naething.

P

PENNY wife, pound foolish,
 Priests and doves make foul houses.

- 695 Pride an sweerness take meikle uphadding.
 Pride ne'er leaves its master till he get a fa'.
 Pride and grace ne'er dwell in ae place.
 Pride finds nae cauld.
 Pride will have a fa'.
- 700 Put your hand nae farther than your sleeve will
 reach.
 Put your hand i' the creel, and take out an ad-
 der or an eel.
 Put the saddle on the right horse.
 Put a coward to his metal and he'll fight the
 de'il.
 Put twa pennies in a purse and they'll creep to-
 gether.
- 705 Put your finger i' the fire and say it was your
 fortune.
 Puddings and paramours shou'd be hastily hand-
 led.
 Puddings and wort are hasty dirt.
 Possession is eleven points of the law.
 Poverty parts good company, and is an enemy
 to virtue.
- 710 Poor fowk are fain of little.
 Poor fowk are soon pish't on.
 Play with your play-fairs.
 Pith is good in a' plays.
 Painters and poets hae liberty to lie..
- 715 Pay him hame in his ain coin.
 Placks and bawbees grow pounds.
 Peter in, Paul's out.
 Pennyless fauls may pine in purgatory.

REASON

I 2

R

- R** EASON binds the man.
 720 Roofe the ford as ye find it.
 Roofe the fair day at e'en.
 Rackless youth makes ruefou eild.
 Royet lads may make sober men.
 Right mixture makes good mortar.
 725 Rule youth well, and eild will rule itsell.
 Rome was na bigged in ae day.
 Rue and thyme grow baith in ae garden.
 Raw dads make fat lads.
 Raife nae mae de'ils than ye're able to lay.
 730 Raw leather raxes.

S

- S** ELDOM rides tyne the spurs.
 Sic man sic master, sic priest sic offering.
 Sic as ye gie sic will ye get.
 Sic reek as is therein comes out o' the lum.
 735 Shod i' the craddle and barefoot on the stibble.
 Standing dubs gather dirt.
 Sooth bourd is nae bourd.
 Seldom lies the de'il dead by the dyke-side.
 Saying gangs cheap.
 740 Spit on a stane and it will be wet at last.
 Saft fire makes sweet malt.
 Sturt pays nae debt.
 Silly bairns are eith to lear.
 Saw thin shear thin.
 745 Soon ripe soon rotten, scon het soon cauld.
 Send and fetch.
 Soon enough if well enough.
 Shame fa' them that shame think to do them-
 selves a good turn.
 Shame's past the shed o' your hair.
 750 Sic father sic son.

Seenil

- Seenil seen soon forgotten.
 She's a foul bird that files her ain nest.
 Speer at Jock Thief if I be a leal man.
 Soon gotten soon spent.
- 755 She's a fairy mouse that has but ae hole.
 Surfeits slay mae than swords.
 Seek your saw where ye gat your ail, and beg
 your barm where ye buy your ale.
 Send you to the sea ye'll no get faut water.
 Sma' winning makes a heavy purse.
- 760 She that takes gifts hersel she sells, and she that
 gie's them do naething else.
 She's no to be made a fang of.
 Scotsmen reckon ay frae an ill hour.
 Sain yoursel frae the de'il and the laird's bairns.
 Shaw me the guesst the house is the war of.
- 765 Shaw me the man and i'll shaw you the law.
 Swear by your burnt shins.
 Sairy be your meal-pock, and ay your neive i'
 the neuk o't.
 Scant of cheeks makes a lang nose.
 Second thoughts are best.
- 770 Sweet i' the bed and swear up i' the morning,
 is no the best house-wife.
 Saut, quo' the souter, when he had eaten a cow
 a' but the tail.
 Souters and taylors count hours.
 Souters shou'd na gae ayont their last.
 Souters shou'd na be sailors that can neither steer
 nor row.
- 775 Some body may come to kame your head back-
 wards.
 Stuffing hads out storms.
 Slaw at meat slaw at wark.
 Slander leaves a slur.
 Sorrow is soon enough when it comes.

T.

- 780 **T**HE mair haste the war speed.
 Tide and time bides nae man.
 Twa daughters and a back-door are three stark
 thieves.
 There was ne'er a cake but it had a make.
 There came ne'er a hearty fart out o' a wren's
 arse.
- 785 Toom bags rattle.
 The thing that's fristed is no forgi'en.
 Take part o' the pelf when the pack's dealing.
 Tramp on a snail and she'll shoot out her horns.
 They are lightly herried that hae a' their ain.
- 790 The crow thinks her ain bird fairest.
 There is little for the rake after the besom.
 They buy gude cheap that brings naething hame.
 Thraw the wand while its green.
 The souter's wife's worst shod.
- 795 The tailor's wife's worst clad.
 The warst warld that 'ere was some man wan.
 They will ken by a half-penny if a priest will
 take offering.
 Time tries a'.
 The weeds o'ergrow the corn.
- 800 Take time when time is, for time will away.
 The piper wants meikle that wants his nether
 chafts.
 They are welcome that brings.
 The langer we live we see the mae ferlies.
 There are mony sooth words spoken in bound-
 ing.
- 805 There is nae thief without a resetter.
 There is mony a fair thing fu' false.
 There came ne'er ill after gude advisement.
 There's nae man fae deaf as he that winna hear.
 There was ne'er a fair word in flyting.

The

- 810 The mouth that lies slays the faul.
Trot father, trot mother, how can foal amble?
They were ne'er fain that fidg'd, nor fou that
lick'd dishes.
Twa wolves may worry ae sheep.
Twa fools in ae house are a couple o'er mony.
- 815 The day has ein, the night has ears.
The tree fa's na at the first stroke.
The mair ye tramp on a turd it grows the
broader.
There's nane without a fau't.
The de'il's a busy bishop in his ain diocese.
- 820 There's nae friend to a friend in mister.
There's nae fool to an auld fool.
Touch a gaw'd horse on the back and he will
fling.
There's remeid for a' things but stark dead,
There's nae medicine for fear.
- 825 The weakeft gaes to the wa'.
That which huffies spare, cats eat.
Thou will get nae mair o' the cat but the skin.
There's mair maidens nor maukins.
They laugh ay that wins.
- 830 Twa wits are better nor ane.
They put at the cart that's ay gaen.
Three may keep counfel if twa be awa'.
They are good willy o' their horse that has
nane.
The mae the merrier, the fewer the better
chear.
- 835 The blind horse is hardiest.
There are mae ways to the wood nor ane.
There are meikle between word and deed.
They that speirs meikle will get wot of part.
The less play the better.
- 840 The mair cost the mair honour.

There's

- There's naething mair precious nor time.
 True loves kythe in time o' need.
 There are mony fair words in the marriage ma-
 king, but few in the tocher-gude paying.
 The higher up the greater fa'.
 845 The mither of a' mischief is nae mair nor a
 midge wing.
 Tarrowing bairns were ne'r fat.
 There is little sap in dry pea-hools.
 This bolt came ne'er out o' your bag.
 Thy tongue is nae scandal.
 850 Take him up there with his five eggs, and four
 o' them rotten.
 The next time ye dance ken wha ye take by the
 hand.
 The goose-pan's aboon the roast.
 Thy thumb is under my belt.
 There's a dog i' the well.
 855 The malt's aboon the meal.
 Touch me not on the fair heel.
 The shots o'ergae the auld swine.
 Take a man by his word and a cow by her
 horn.
 There's meikle hid meat in a goose eye.
 860 They had ne'er an ill day that had a gude even.
 There belongs mair to a bed nor four bare legs.
 The greatest clerks are no the wisest men.
 Thou shou'd not tell thy foe when thy fit sleeps.
 The grace of God is gear enough.
 865 Twa hungry meltiths makes the third a glutton.
 This world will not last ay.
 The devil and the dean begins wi' ae letter ;
 when the devil has the dean the kirk will be
 the better.
 There's naething fae crouse as a new washen
 louse.

They

They are as wise as spier not.

870 They mense little the mouth that bites aff the
nose.

They gae near my arse that steals my hippen.

W

WHERE the deer's slain some o' the blood
will lie.

When the eye sees not, the heart rues not.

When drink's in wit is out.

875 When the steed's stown steek the stable-door.

When the tod preaches beware o' the hens.

When the cap's fu' carry it even.

What better is the house that the daw rises
foon.

When thieves reckon, leal fowk come to their
gear.

880 When I'm dead make me cawdle.

When the heart's fou' the tongue will speak.

When the crow flies her tail follows.

Wrang count is nae payment.

Whiles you, whiles I, sae gangs the bailliary.

885 Woo-sellers ken ay woo-buyers.

When the heart's fou' o' lust the mouth's fou'
o' leasing.

What need a rich man be a thief.

What canna be cured maun be endured.

When thy neighbour's house is in danger take
care o' your ain.

890 When ilka ane gets their ain the thief will get
the widdy.

When the iron is her it is time to strike.

When the wame's fcu' the banes wad be at rest.

Whom God will help nane can hinder.

When a' men speak nae man hears.

895 When the well is fu' it will rin o'er.

When

When the goodman's awa' the braid-claith's
tint.

When the goodwife's away the keys are tint.

Where stands your great horse.

Where the pig's broken let the sherds lie.

900 When friends meet hearts warm.

Wrang has nae warrand.

Well is that well does.

Well done soon done.

Weapons bode peace.

905 Wiles help weak folk.

Wishers and woulders are poor householders.

Words are but wind, but dunts are the devil.

Wark bears witness wha well does.

Wealth gars wit waver.

910 Well bides well betides.

When a fool finds a horse-shoe, he thinks ay
the like to do.

Wi' empty hand nae man shou'd hawks allure.

Well kens the mouse when the cat's out o' the
house.

Well worth a' that gars the plough draw.

915 We hounds slew the hare, quo' the mession.

Wonder lasts but nine nights in a town.

Women and bairns lein what they ken not.

Wont beguil'd the lady.

Waken not sleeping dogs.

920 Whoredom and grace can ne'er stay in ae place.

We have a crow to pluck.

Well good mother-daughter.

Wood in wilderness and strength in a fool.

Wit in a poor man's head and moss in a moun-
tain avails naething

725 Wells him and waes him that has a bishop in
his kin.

Y.

YE will break your neck as soon as your fast
in his house.

Ye strive against the stream.

Youth ne'er casts for peril.

Youth and age will ne'er agree.

930 Ye seek het water under cauld ice.

Ye drive a snail to Rome.

Ye ride a bootless errand.

Ye seek grace at a graceless face.

Ye learn your father to get bairns.

935 Ye may not sit in Rome and strive wi' the
Pope.

Ye may poind for debt but not for unkindness.

Ye breed of the cat, you wad fain hae fish, but
you hae nae will to weet your feet.

Ye breed o' the gowk, ye have ne'er a rime
but ane.

Ye shou'd be a king o' your word:

940 Ye will get war bodes e'er Belton.

Ye may drink o' the burn but not bite o' the
brae.

Ye wad do little for God if the de'il were dead.

Ye have a face to God and anither to the de'il.

Ye have a ready mouth for a ripe cherry.

945 Ye breed o' the miller's dog, ye lick your lips
'ere the pock be opened.

Ye canna make a silk purse o' a sow's lug.

Your winning is not my tinsel.

F I N I S.

